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THE NEW YORKER

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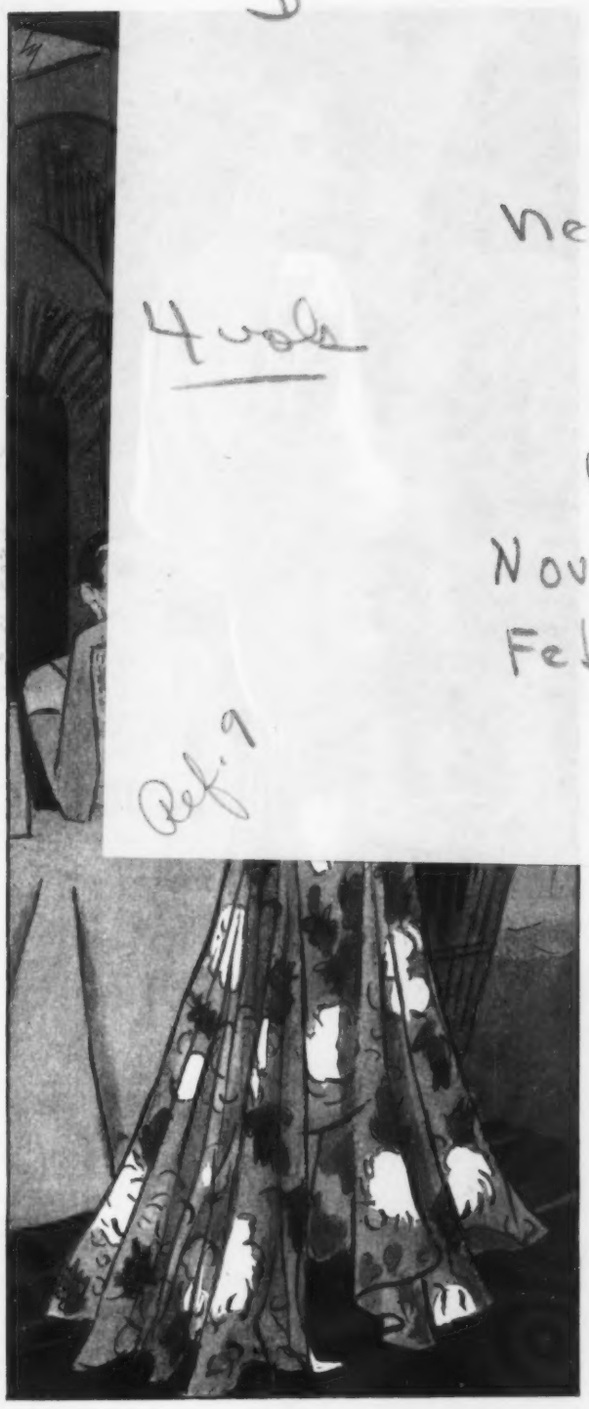

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 39, November 16, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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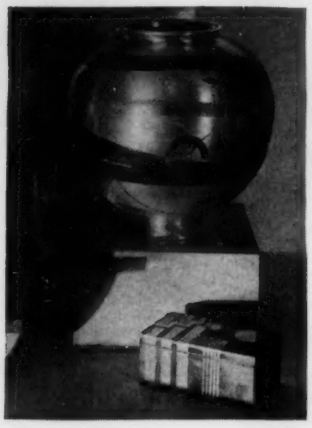

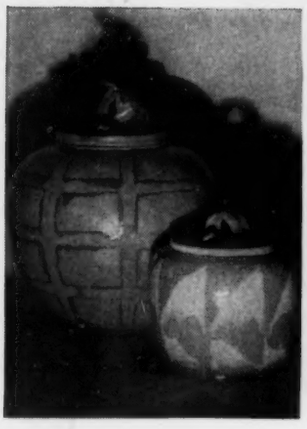

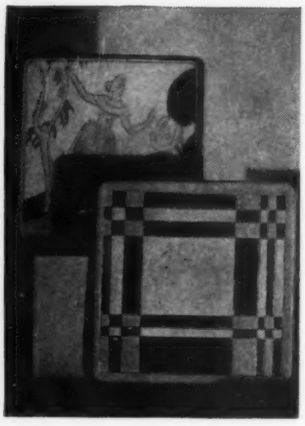

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BERKELEY SQUARE—Leslie Howard at his best (or anybody else's) in a ghost story with a metaphysical twist. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's ingenuous comedy, wherein three travellers become involved in the quarrel between an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

BROKEN DISHES—A modest little comedy of the revolt of a down-trodden husband. Donald Meek makes it worth seeing. (Ritz, 48, W. Mat. Thurs.)

CANDLE-LIGHT—Some smart lines, Gertrude Lawrence, and two fine performances by Reginald Owen and Ernest Glendinning, lending tone to a fairly thin little comedy of the old, old school. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

THE CHANNEL ROAD—Excellent performances by Herr Siegfried Rumann and Anne Forrest in a play of the Franco-Prussian War which derives from de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif." (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Inheritors," by Susan Glaspell. (Fri. Eve., Nov. 15; Thurs. Eve., Nov. 21.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Morns. and Afts., Nov. 16 and 23, at 10:30 and 2:30.) . . . "The Sea Gull," Tchekov's beautiful play, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Sat. Eve., Nov. 16; Tues. Eve., Nov. 19; Thurs. Mat., Nov. 21.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English, with Miss Le Gallienne. (Mon. Eve., Nov. 18.) . . . "Mlle. Bourrat," from the French of Claude Anet, with Josephine Hutchinson. (Wed. and Fri. Eves., Nov. 20 and 22.) . . . "The Cradle Song," touching and tender. (Sat. Eve., Nov. 23.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE CRIMINAL CODE—A powerful drama showing the inexorable workings of criminal law, with a splendid performance by Arthur Byron. (National, 41, W.)

GAMBLING—Starting with a very pretty murder mystery, this runs rapidly downhill until you just don't care any more. The presence of George M. Cohan, however, makes it worth a try. (Fulton, 46, W.)

HOUSEPARTY—How to hide a corpse at a fraternity houseparty. Seeing this may help you out next February. (Waldorf, 50, E.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Comedy of small-town life crowded with amusing character and incident. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—The war as seen from a British officers' dugout. A singularly beautiful and moving play. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—This play of Tin Pan Alley by Ring Lardner and George Kaufman has more laughs in it than all the other shows in New York put together. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

LET US BE GAY—Francine Larrimore as a charming divorcée who encounters her philandering ex-husband at a Westchester houseparty. (Little, 44, W. Mats 2:40 P.M.)

MANY WATERS—Pleasantly sentimental play designed to show that even the most humdrum lives have romance in them. Ernest Truex is in it. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. Closes Sat., Nov. 16.)

REMOTE CONTROL—Something new in murder mysteries: the scene is laid in a radio-broadcasting studio. Makes up in novelty what it lacks in finesse. (48th Street, 48, E. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

ROPE'S END—Two young men on a dead man's chest, yo-ho-ho and a bottle of Piper Heidsieck 1919. Rather grim jesting, but well done. (Masque, 45, W.)

THE SILVER TASSIE—Sean O'Casey's incoherent but praiseworthy attempt to put some of the bitterness in the heart of a war-cripple into the theatre. (Greenwich Village, 7 Ave. at Christopher St.)

STREET SCENE—Life, love, and sudden death, in a New York tenement, vividly portrayed. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Just about as entertaining and nice a comedy as there is to be found. The fact that it deals with seduction has no bearing on the matter. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—More fun than you ever had in the subway. Murder before your very eyes. (Liberty, 42, W.)

WITH MUSIC

BITTER SWEET—Miss Evelyn Laye as the charming heroine of an "operette" which sounds nothing like Noel Coward, who wrote it. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Typical Earl Carroll show, with better comedy than usual and the same high-grade girls. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—Does for the country club what "Good News" did for higher education. One of last season's best musicals. (46th Street, 46, W.)

THE FORTUNE TELLER—Last two days of Victor Herbert's operetta, with Tessa Kosta. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Closes Sat., Nov. 16.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Willie Howard and Frances Williams doing their best to make up for the old crew who aren't in it this year, and doing very well under the circumstances. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GREAT DAY—Some of Vincent Youmans' good music but not much else. (Cosmopolitan, B'way at 59. Mat. Thurs.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—An all-colored revue, half of which is a knockout, and the other half fair to middling. (Hudson, 44, E. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A gay, spirited intimate revue, notable for its humor and a cast which includes Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MLLE. MODISTE—You have only two days more to see Fritzi Scheff in this revival of Victor Herbert's operetta. (Casino, B'way at 39. Closes Sat., Nov. 16.)

THE NEW MOON—Roaring romance in old New Orleans. Now in its second year. (Imperial, 45, W. Moves to Casino, B'way at 39, Mon., Nov. 18.)

SWEET ADELINE—This season's first musical hit, with Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and others all dressed up in 1898 costumes. Jerome Kern music. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

WHOOPEE—The usual Ziegfeld lavishness and beauty, with the dynamic Eddie Cantor to keep you amused. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. Closes Sat., Nov. 23.)

A WONDERFUL NIGHT—The score of Strauss' "Die Fledermaus," which is delightful, a production which is novel, and some dialogue which doesn't matter. (Majestic, 44, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark" is still at the Old Rialto (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30.

VAUDEVILLE—Jimmie Savo, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, and Helen Kane are at the Palace Fri., Nov. 15. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Juvenile Players in "Rip Van Winkle." Sat. Aft., Nov. 16. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104. 2:30 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent changes by managers.)

THE LEDGE—A melodrama by Paul Osborn, with Augustin Duncan. Opens Mon., Nov. 18. (Assembly, 39, E. 9 P.M.)

ROBIN HOOD—Revival of the DeKoven-Smith operetta, for a two weeks' engagement. Opens Mon., Nov. 18. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59, 8:30 P.M.)

CARRY ON—A musical extravaganza, with Jack Donahue and Lily Damita. Opens Tues., Nov. 19. (Imperial, 45, W. 8:30 P.M.)

CHRISTOPHER RAND—A play by Eleanor Robson Belmont and Harriett Ford. Opens Thurs., Nov. 21. (Royale, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

CROSS ROADS—A new play by Martin Flavin, with Eric Dressler and Sylvia Sidney. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

HEADS UP!—Music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hart, with Victor Moore, Jack Whiting, and Betty Starbuck. (Alvin, 52, W. 8:30 P.M.)

OTHER MEN'S WIVES—Claiborne Foster in a play by Walter Hackett. (Times Square, 42, W.)

WINTER BOUND—A play by Thomas H. Dickinson, with Aline MacMahon. (Garrick, 35, E. Mat. Thurs.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue atmosphere, with this season's débutantes.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Strikingly decorated by Joseph Urban; Leo Reisman's orchestra.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Libby Holman and the miraculous dancing of Moss and Fontana. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Topnotch as usual; Emil Coleman's orchestra, with Medrano and Donna dancing. Must dress.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music, and dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his band playing in attractive surroundings.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the more interesting night clubs of this type: Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203), with Grace Hayes, and Abe Lyman's orchestra.* . . . Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893), where you will find Ruth Etting, Fred Keating, Ramon and Rosita, and Harry Rosenthal's orchestra.* . . . Les Ambassadeurs, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, has that mad trio, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, is enlivened by Jack Powell, the trap-drummer. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—The most low-down and amusing places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will

(Continued on page 14)

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(Continued from page 12)

enjoy The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is a new arrival. . . . The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12, and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, are pleasantly Bohemian and inexpensive.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking, unless otherwise noted.)

APPLAUSE—Helen Morgan as a burlesque queen in a tragic story of backstage life. Last performances Sun., Nov. 17. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

CONDEMNED—The new Ronald Colman picture. A Riviera romance transplanted to Devil's Island. (Selwyn, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

DISRAELI—George Arliss reproduces his famous characterization on the screen. Should please even the most fastidious. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY—A spirited musical show from the Avery Hopwood farce. Last performances Sun., Nov. 17. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HOLLYWOOD REVUE—Full-sized musical revue, with half of Hollywood in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

PARIS—With Irene Bordoni and Louise Closser Hale again, but not with all of the Cole Porter songs. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THREE LIVE GHOSTS—An amusing comedy of London on Armistice Day. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 21 and 22; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE TRESPASSER—Gloria Swanson, beautiful and competent, in a trite and clumsy drama of love, honor, and stenography. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:15 A.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Cock Eyed World," the marines of "What Price Glory" at it again in a rough and amusing comedy; "The Four Feathers," silent, worth while for a few fine African scenes; "Hallelujah," all-negro picture, expertly done, of life in the cotton fields; "Why Bring That Up?," Moran and Mack, doing all their old familiar numbers.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

THE LOVE PARADE—Maurice Chevalier in a picture operetta directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Opens Tues. Eve., Nov. 19. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 8:45 P.M.)

SHOW OF SHOWS—A revue, with Beatrice Lillie, John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, and many other well-known players. Opens Wed. Eve., Nov. 20. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 8:30 P.M.)

ART

AMERICANS PREFERRED—A fine Kuniyoshi, an excellent Spencer, a Dickinson in the finished manner, and some interesting newcomers: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 16.

DAVIES—A collection of the works of one of America's lyric poets: Ferargil, 37 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 23.

ETCHINGS—Annual show of the sixty masterpieces of engraving, etching, and lithography: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 23.

MARIA LANI—Fifty-one portraits of Maria Lani by fifty-one well-known painters and sculptors: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MODERN—The beginning of a new museum aiming to house the modern art denied a roof at the austere and cautious Metropolitan. Opening show includes superb examples by Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Seurat: Room 1205, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

RENOIR—Paintings by a famous Frenchman: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

ROERICH—An amazing museum dedicated to one man who evidently is broad enough to take it in the right spirit. All sorts of Asian art and 1,006 paintings by the gallery's master: Roerich Museum, 310 Riverside Drive. Open daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ—All kinds of brilliant and sound piano-playing. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23]

AARON COPLAND—The lowdown on modern music by one who not only composes it but understands it. New School for Social Research, 465 W. 23, Fri. Eves., Nov. 15 and 22.

AGUILAR LUTE QUARTET—Second appearance of this novelty. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 16.

FRANCIS ROGERS—One of our classic recitalists in his annual appearance. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 17.

VICTOR CHENKIN—Many languages and many moods in many styles. Times Square Theatre, 42, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Nov. 17, at 8:50.

NEW YORK CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY—Hotel Plaza, Sun. Eve., Nov. 17, at 9.

BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION—Just a jolly lot of musicians in chamber music. Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 18.

BRAHMS QUARTET—Four ladies who sing together, and we mean together. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 19.

MUSICALES—Giuseppe De Luca, baritone; Aida Doninelli, soprano; and Margaret Shotwell, pianist. Hotel Plaza, Thurs. Morn., Nov. 21, at 11:30. . . . Anna Case, soprano; Erna Rubinstein, violinist; and Donald Pirnie, baritone. Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Nov. 22, at 11.

LENER STRING QUARTET—Four gentlemen who play chamber music together, and we mean this too. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 22.

BENNO MOISEIWITSCH—For an afternoon of enjoyable piano-playing, try Mr. Moiseiwitsch. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 23.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 15, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Nov. 17; Wed. Eve., Nov 20, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 22, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 23, at 8:45 . . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Nov. 16, at 11 (Junior Concert); Sat. Morn., Nov. 23, at 11 (Children's Concert).

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bodanzky conducting. All-Bach program: Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Nov. 17, at 4.

AMERICAN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Clifton conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Nov. 19.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 19, at 8:45.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitsky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 21, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 23, at 2:30.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"La Gioconda," Fri. Aft., Nov. 15, at 2; "Der Rosenkavalier," Fri. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:15; "La Campana Sommersa," Sat. Aft., Nov. 16, at 2; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., Nov. 16, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Nov. 17, at 8:30; "La Bohème," Mon. Eve., Nov. 18, at 8:15. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

LITTLE THEATRE OPERA—Revival of "The Chocolate Soldier:" Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. Mon. through Sat. Eves., Nov. 18-23, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 23, at 2:30.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morns., Nov. 15 and 22, at 11, and Sat. Eves., Nov. 16 and 23, at 9, over WEAF.

LIGHT OPERA—"Mlle. Modiste," by Victor Herbert: Fri. Eves., Nov. 15 and 22, at 9:30, over WJZ. . . . "The Red Mill," by Victor Herbert: Sun., Nov. 17, at 4 P.M., over WJZ.

BOXING—Fights at Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eves., Nov. 15 and 22, at 9:30, over WMCA.

FOOTBALL GAMES—Sat., Nov. 16: Yale vs. Princeton, from New Haven, at 2 P.M., over WEAF; Notre Dame vs. University of So. California, from Chicago, at 3 P.M., over WJZ and WABC. . . . Sat., Nov. 23: Harvard vs. Yale, from Cambridge, at 2 P.M., over WEAF and WABC; Ohio State vs. University of Illinois, from Columbus, at 3 P.M., over WJZ.

HENRY HADLEY—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Nov. 16 and 23, at 9:30, over WABC.

CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA—"Norma," Sat., Nov. 16, and "Romeo and Juliet," Sat., Nov. 23, at 10 P.M., over WJZ.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Sun., Nov. 17, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

BALDWIN HOUR—Alfredo Oswald, pianist; and Benno Ravinoff, violinist: Sun., Nov. 17, at 7:30 P.M., over WJZ.

GIOVANNI MARTINELLI—Tenor soloist, with Bodanzky conducting orchestra: Sun., Nov. 17, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK—Contralto soloist, with Bamboschek conducting orchestra: Sun., Nov. 17, at 11:15 P.M., over WEAF.

GRAND OPERA—"Faust," Thurs., Nov. 21, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: James J. Braddock vs. Maxie Rosenbloom, Fri. Eve., Nov. 15; Harry Ebbets vs. Rene De Vos, Fri. Eve., Nov. 22; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—(Some of these games are also broadcast. See "On the Air.")

Sat., Nov. 16, at 2 P.M.—Columbia vs. University of Pennsylvania, Baker Field. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Missouri, Yankee Stadium. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Manhattan, Lewisohn Stadium. . . . Yale vs. Princeton, New Haven.

Sat., Nov. 23, at 2 P.M.—N.Y.U. vs. Rutgers, Yankee Stadium. . . . Fordham vs. Bucknell, Polo Grounds. . . . Harvard vs. Yale, Cambridge. . . . Army vs. Ohio Wesleyan University, West Point.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. East Side subway. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam at 136: take B'way subway to 137 St. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 11:45 A.M. and 12 noon; for West Point, from W. 42 St. ferry, West Shore R. R., 12:15 P.M.

HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden, at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Rangers vs. Detroit, Sun. Eve., Nov. 17. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Chicago, Tues. Eve., Nov. 19. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. Montreal Maroons, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 21.

OTHER EVENTS

DANCE RECITALS—Argentina, the extraordinary Spanish dancer, Town Hall, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Nov. 15 and 16, at 8:30. . . . Maria Theresa, dancing to music by Gluck and Bach: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 16, at 8:30. . . . Ruth Page and ensemble: Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Nov. 17, at 8:30.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER—In her original character sketches: Forrest Theatre, 49, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Nov. 17, at 8:45, and Fri. Aft., Nov. 22, at 3.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—The private collection of Mrs. C. T. Burnett, including paintings, Oriental art, furniture, and tapestries: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 15 and 16, at 2:15. . . . Oil paintings and water colors by old and modern masters: Fri. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:15. . . . American and English antique furniture: Tues. through Thurs. Afts., Nov. 19-21, at 2:15. . . . Gobelin and other tapestries, brocades, paintings, and other art objects: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 22 and 23, at 2:15.

THE GIFT FLOOR

There's a new distinction attached to a gift this Christmas, if it comes from the brilliant gift floor Eugene Schoen designed for Stewart.

Seven individual gift shops, circle a rotunda . . . seven shops replete with gifts selected with the same exquisite taste that marks the architecture, the interiors, the fashions!

For a whole year, Stewart searched out the rare, the precious, visiting little corners tucked away in the Old World, as well as famous bazars, to make this collection the most complete in America.

Rare objets d'art, for those who appreciate the exquisite. Gifts executed by craftsmen whose families have made pieces like these for generations. A gift shop based on the theory, that if an object is beautiful . . in good taste . . it belongs!

STEWART

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SIXTH ST

KASKEL & KASKEL DUNLAP

TWO WAYS TO SELECT NECKTIES.. BOTH GOOD The man who comes to us and spends two hours in patiently picking out his next budget of six-dollar neckties is, of course, perfectly suited. And the impatient irrepressible who orders them by telephone or secretary—he is likewise content. For our silks are woven to our own conception by the best of the ancient weavers: Lyons, Como, Spitalfields, Milano, Macclesfield. The patterns are *our* intimate interpretation of *your* exact idea of everything a perfect necktie can be. They just can't be gone wrong on. That is a great deal to receive for six dollars, either leisurely or swiftly.

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-SIXTH STREET

Three piece ensemble, hat and accessories from Bonwit Teller & Co.

EVEN THE MOST CALAMITOUS CLOUDS MUST HAVE THEIR SILVER LININGS . . . AND STEHLI EXPECTS TO BE COMMANDEERED AT ALMOST ANY MOMENT TO ATTEND TO THEM, SO HAPPY ARE ITS COMBINATIONS OF WEAVE AND COLOR NOW GOING INTO THE COATS OF THE GREAT COUTURIERS. WHAT COULD BE MORE DELIGHTFULLY UNEXPECTED THAN HAVING ONE'S BLOUSE MADE . . NOT MERELY TO MATCH . . . BUT OF THE IDENTICAL SILK AS THE LINING IN ONE'S COAT?

Stehli Silks

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TAKE our hand and come with us on a trip through a letter we got this morning in the mail. Remember that this is the golden age of ballyhoo, an age of extraordinary hook-ups, when the left hand not only knoweth what the right hand doeth but helpeth it along. Remember that it is an age when every anthem is a theme song. Now open this letter with us and examine the latest hook-up, between New York University and the *Literary Digest*. A merger of mergers. The envelope, as you see, bears the exciting legend: "Henry Cook Hathaway, Director of Public Information, New York University." A letter from N.Y.U.! Slash right and left with the paper cutter, let there be no delay! Now then, here we go: a long communication from Mr. Hathaway, written on the Bureau's letterhead. The letterhead mentions, among other things, that N.Y.U. has 37,000 students, 1,600 faculty members, occupies 50 acres of campus in New York City, has an annual budget of $6,500,000, and is the home of the Hall of Fame. But enough of that—to the body of the letter! "Dear Reader: How would you like to share in the fulfilment of a long-cherished dream that will eventually make you more money, finer friends, increase your mental efficiency, and broaden your life? And all without cost to you?"

We are getting along swimmingly. The first paragraph of a letter from the Director of Public Information of New York University: dreams of (1) money, (2) friends, (3) culture, presumably in the order named, and all without cost. Grip our hand a little tighter, reader, while we go on, through the purple mazes of the mimeograph. "Now a new plan of captivating simplicity has been evolved to enable you to enjoy the advantages of this indispensable knowledge, in your own easy-chair [note the strong current of *ease* everywhere in this letter] in a relatively few evenings of pleasant reading—as a gift from one of America's foremost publishing houses." How very charming! New York University, deciding arbitrarily to make us a gift, through a publishing house, to satisfy a dream.

HAVE you the strength to follow us further, through the Elysian paragraphs describing the nature of the gift, which would, without superfluous details, trivialities, or rusty homilies on forgotten lore, quickly and fascinatingly give us what the dreamers of N.Y.U. were anxious to endow us with? Have you courage, and a tight enough grip on our hand, to follow down to where a new character comes into the letter, in the person of Dr. William Seaver Woods? Hang fast, we must go on! Says the letter: "I told my friend, Dr. William Seaver Woods, well-known editor-in-chief of the *Literary Digest*, of this idea. He became most enthusiastic. [Dreams on the one hand, enthusiasm on the other—a perfect hook-up!] He said he wished that every intellectually ambitious man and woman, young and old, could have the benefit and enjoyment of this Library." And now the signature of Mr. Hathaway, and now the enclosed folder from Dr. Woods, giving the details of his plan. Or can't you bear it?

CAN'T you bear to hear how it all came about through a happy coincidence, how the magazine people had just decided to invite some new readers when it was discovered that, by ordering a first impression of 100,000 sets of the books, the cost of royalties was reduced to such an amazing extent that the whole ten books could just be given away? Can't you stay with us long enough to read how you *send no money* (it would spoil N.Y.U.'s dream if we had to send any money), and how, a little later, by merely sending a first payment of $1, plus 35c for packing and carriage charges, and three subsequent monthly payments of $1 each . . . stop twisting our fingers that way . . . you would receive . . . stop twisting our fingers . . . you would receive, here it is—THE BACKBONE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION IN PLEASANT SPARE-TIME READING? What is it you are murmuring, reader? The Hall of Fame in ten easy payments? No, no, no, no! You would receive a gift of . . . what is that you say . . . you want two seats for the Hall of Fame? For tomor-

row night, you say? And not too far over on the side?

Fame

BRIEF dialogue overheard in Saks' dress shop:

"See that dignified lady over there with the white hair?"

"Yes."

"That's Madame Curie."

"Who?"

"Madame Curie—you know—the lady that invented the radio."

Solo Flight

AVIATION has a big plate-glass show window in Fifty-seventh Street (27 West), which swings inward on hinges. It was opened some weeks ago to admit the St. Louis Robin, the plane that stayed up for eleven hundred hours, or whatever it was, and that now takes up a good part of the showroom space inside. You can see the mattress the heroes slept on, the immortal pencil marks they made on the cockpit walls, to keep track of what day and month it was, and other small sights.

More people stand outside and stare through the glass than go inside. They stare mainly at a toy plane on a small table just inside the window. At one end of the table is a big wind machine, and at the other end a chair. You can sit in the chair, reach under the table, and take hold of a regulation stick and throttle; with your feet you can operate a regular rudder-bar. The throttle makes the wind machine go. The rudder-bar and stick are connected with the plane, and, when you manipulate them, miniature ailerons and rudders on the toy work exactly as they do on a big plane. All that is now needed to make the plane actually fly is to get up a ground speed of seventy miles an hour—the speed at which this ship rises in the air. The inventor of this toy finally solved that problem—and the plane does rise in the air. You open the throttle until the wind machine blows upon the plane at the rate of seventy miles an hour. Then you pull back your stick, as in a real plane, and up she goes, rising on an oiled and lightly balanced piston rod. By working your ailerons you can make it bank; decrease the wind velocity, and the ship makes a graceful landing. It's exactly the same as flying except you don't go up with the ship; which is, in its way, a big advance.

The device is used in the Curtiss Flying Service's ground schools to give student pilots preliminary training and, in this store, to stimulate sales. Any visitor is permitted to make the thing go. The wind machine roars so loudly, however, that big crowds gather. One layman we saw was so flustered by his audience that he shut off the wind and crashed. He was pale, but unhurt. In such emergencies a young lady attendant takes the pilot's seat and manipulates the little plane expertly. The contraption is too expensive and too clumsy to become a popular toy. It was invented by an author of aviation textbooks—no one around the place could think of his name offhand.

The Chase

AN American woman, who lives in Paris, was driving her car very fast along the Boulevard Haussmann. This disturbed the composure of a gendarme who was walking along deep in thoughts on life. "*Alors, alors, alors!*" he cried, and gestured the car to a standstill. He then demanded of the lady what she meant by driving at such a rate. Thinking fast, she explained she was pursuing her husband and another woman, who were in a car ahead. The gendarme stood out of her way. "After them, madame," he said, gallantly waving her on.

"Gee, there's a swell ankle, Marvin!"

Old, Expensive Strings

WURLITZER'S keeps the Rodman Wanamaker collection of rare old violins, violas, double basses, and 'cellos, which it lately acquired, in a room with stained-glass windows through which Forty-second Street looks warm and roseate. The collection, as you may know, is worth more than half a million. We were told that Mr. Wanamaker

intended to build up a symphony orchestra of his own, in which only exceedingly valuable old instruments would be played. When he died he was about to begin collecting the finest old woodwinds and brasses available. The priceless strings will not lie unused, however, but will be played in concert, and also privately, by famous musicians. It has long been a custom of Kreisler, Heifetz, and others, when they are in town, to visit the stained-glass room and play old fiddles for their own pleasure—and that of the Wurlitzer curator, Mr. Jay Freeman, authority on violins, and no mean fiddler himself. He played a hundred-thousand-dollar Guarnerius for us. The store's collection of famous instruments is now one of the finest in the world. It includes a 'cello which belonged to Napoleon, and which bears scars said to be the marks of his spurs. He didn't spur into the 'cello to steady it. He got mad one day and kicked it.

"Major, could I possibly interest you in my little Chinese children?"

• •

By lucky chance we ran into Henry Ostrovsky at Wurlitzer's, demonstrating a curious machine which looks like the works of a music box. It is used for exercising, stretching, developing, etc., the hands of musicians. In the past, several such machines have rather more harmed than helped delicate fingers. Ostrovsky's seems to be a success. He worked thirty years to perfect it, only to have his first machines seized by the Germans, just as the war started, and used in hospitals to limber up crippled hands. This finally worked to the inventor's advantage; for after the war, the success that German doctors had with the device got noised around. It was used by hospitals in England and finally here. Dr. H. M. Lyle, of New York, tried the thing out with some skepticism and found that it worked wonders with old contractures of the fingers. It has been used at St. Luke's Hospital for two years.

It was an airplane manufacturer, Mr. Raymond Pitcairn, who brought the Russian to this country—and paid him a thousand dollars a month for daily exercises, personally supervised, to keep his hands in condition. That's Ostrovsky's regular price now. Patients, or students, aren't numerous, however. The inventor has doné little to push the contraption on a big scale. A teacher of music in West Eighty-sixth Street has charge of renting out the machines. They are not sold outright. We mentioned they would likely go big in athletes' training camps, where hands are always being bunged up, but Mr. Ostrovsky wasn't interested. He would rather work on musicians. Auer, Godowsky, Elman, Zimbalist, and others, have praised his machine and he is happy.

He has studied musicians' hands, particularly violinists', for forty years and could tell which was Kreisler's, which Elman's, etc., if he saw all the famous ones thrust through a curtain. Once, in London, he examined the hands of more than ninety musicians, unknown to him, and named the kind of instrument each man played, missing only once or twice. He says Heifetz has the most accurate hand of any living violinist because, without ever making a slip, he can place all his fingers precisely at the right spot on the strings. Other violinists occasionally have to "slide into" the right spot. Kreisler is the deftest at this sliding in, because of his remarkable ear. He can detect an inaccuracy and correct it so swiftly that no one knows he was about to go a bit wrong.

Juvenilia

ON the occasion of his son's tenth birthday, a friend of ours sent the boy (who was at his grandmother's) a gift. Later he received a thank-you letter. The letter contained appreciative phrases, a certain amount of local news, and ended on a reminiscent note. "I wish," it ended, "I was nine again."

This is the same young man who once was taken to a hospital with his sister to have tonsils out. (Both of them had tonsils that needed taking out.) Each was allowed by the mother to take along one toy. We forgot what the little girl took, but we can never forget what the boy took. Roller-skates.

Tac-a-Tac

A CERTAIN amount of swordplay goes on in town, even today. Walter Hampden, defender of Cyrano's white plume, is an expert fencer. Nickolas Muray, the photographer, is a distinguished amateur and once got hit by a turnip at a bout. John Barry-

more is another good fencer. The sword, in fact, is far from being in disuse: witness the New York Fencers' Club, which has recently put up a fifteen-story apartment building at 320 East Fifty-third Street to perpetuate the spirit of knighthood and the Crusades.

This club, we were interested to learn, is the oldest fencing organization in the world. It was founded in 1883. (The Sword Club of London is second oldest.) Although swordsmanship will not be a qualification for residence in the new clubhouse in Fifty-third Street, there are enough capable fencers in the city to fill the place, and there will probably always be a certain amount of desultory sword-play up and down the halls. Holding forth on the first floor, for a certainty, will be the venerable Martin Capdevielle, oldest active fencer in New York, who will dominate the *salle d'armes* with his jokes, his flashing steel, and his bushy white mustache. Capdevielle came to the club forty-five years ago as an instructor, and is still giving lessons, among his pupils being Colonel Henry Breckinridge, once Olympic fencing captain and now better known as Lindbergh's lawyer.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish likes to fence. So does Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor. Others that we have heard about are Dr. Graeme Hammond, the neurologist; Fred R. Coudert, the lawyer; Hudson Budd, the haberdasher; Colonel Robert M. Thompson, the big International Nickel man; Eugene Higgins, of American Tel. & Tel.; and Leo Nunes, president of the Leghorn Trading Company, of Pearl Street, who is the greatest American fencer and who has held fourteen championships.

Many of the Broadway stage fencers have been trained by the professional, Louis Senac, son of the illustrious Regis Senac and himself a fine figure in the world of sabre, foils, and épée. M. Senac has a dusty little *salle* at 354 West Fifty-seventh Street (no sign on the door). Fencing is his life—a somewhat difficult enthusiasm to maintain among actor pupils, most of whom take their instruction in a perfunctory spirit because they feel they owe it to themselves. They haven't, as M. Senac says, "the love," and many of them quit as soon as they've learned to stand properly and make a couple of stock parries. Among his yellowing autographed pictures of the Harrimans, the teacher stands, tall, gray, and solemn, chiding aspiring swordsmen for a bent arm or for failing to make the *riposte* truly tac-a-tac, while his little dog Touche quietly chews the buttons off the couch. M. Senac is one of the few professionals in this country who have dared to fight in public competitions; and it was during his bout with the Italian, G. Sanges, in 1923, that the turnip was thrown at Mr. Muray, who was one of the judges. Somebody thought things weren't going right.

Besides the New York Fencers' Club, there are three others—the Washington Square Fencers', the club of the N.Y.A.C., and the J. Sanford Saltus Club in the French Y.M.C.A.

Pleasant Evening

EVERY year about this time, an elderly bachelor of East Sixtieth Street is host to a group of his young nieces from Toledo, who come here to see the sights, and to have one nice theatre box-party. This last is quite a trial, since the girls' parents insist they must attend only shows of a moral and educational nature. There have been seasons when the old gentleman had to compromise by taking them for a nice walk. This year came near being one of them—until the uncle learned that students at Columbia University were giving an historical drama about the American Revolution. He called his ticket agency and explained that he wanted four tickets for this show. The agency man asked the old gentleman if he was quite sure that was the show he wanted tickets for. He was assured there was no mistake. There was, though. It was the agency's. They thought the customer wanted tickets for the Columbia Burlesque Theatre and that is where the young ladies and their chaperone, a middle-aged dean of women, went. She had quite a time getting them to leave after the first act, or they her. We're mixed.

Two People

NOW that Jefferson Market is on its last legs, Pratt's book shop two blocks away becomes even more of a landmark than ever. Buying a book there is almost our favorite diversion.

"What is it you want?" asks Mrs. Pratt, looking up viciously from her darning as you squeeze through the door. She is mending socks. After you've told her that you want "The Hunting of the Snark," she says, "Well, I don't think I can find it; Papa's downstairs." Of course you know perfectly well that she can find the book if you can get her to quit darning. Finally she gets up, discovers the

book almost immediately from among the half million volumes on the shelves, and then carefully writes the name of it down on a little piece of yellow paper so Papa Pratt can send for another copy right away. The Pratts would have a fit if their stock of five hundred thousand books was reduced by so much as one.

You probably know the store—a narrow, weatherbeaten little doorway in Sixth Avenue near Eleventh, over which hangs a dirty awning bearing the legend: "Any Pretty Card." The small windows are opaque with books and pamphlets and signs, and the doorway is made almost impassable with stalls. The Pratts, Mamma and Papa, have kept the shop forty years, and grown gray keeping it. They have books you can't find anywhere else and couldn't find *there* if you had to look yourself. Mr. Pratt, wearing a beret, is usually in the cellar, where you are not allowed to go. He adheres to the old tradition; modern jackets mean nothing to him—only one or two does he put in his window. Most of the display consists of brochures, greeting cards, dog-eared pamphlets, and technical books, for which Mr. Pratt writes his own blurbs on the margins of the dust covers. Thus you find a little book, "Efficiency Through Concentration," with Mr. Pratt's pencilled notation: *Concentrate and you can accomplish anything.* Or you find "What Your Dream Meant," with Mr. Pratt's quiet warning: *Ladies need this.* Or, right next to it, "Hair Dressing and Tinting," with the sage advice: *Start a beauty parlor; there's money in it.*

THE shop has what is reputed to be the largest collection of Irish literature outside of Dublin. So infinitely varied is its stock that large houses, like Brentano's and Scribner's, sometimes send down there for a rare book, and usually get it.

Lafcadio Hearn used to drop in there years ago, to buy and talk books. So did Kate Douglas Wiggin, Robert Chambers, before he published anything, S. Parkes Cadman, when he was preaching at the old Metropolitan Temple, and David Belasco, before Lenore Ulric was born. Faces change in the Village, but the Pratts go on forever. Mr. Pratt always takes two turns around Washington Square before lunch, and Mrs. Pratt skips rope one hundred and sixty times on arising. At irregular intervals a closed-for-repairs sign appears on their shop. This means only that the Pratts are off for Bermuda or Europe. They are very independent. They stay away as long as they like: business begins again right where it left off, the minute they reopen the store.

Victim and Victor

THE New York Bar Association has printed in its journal a note warning lawyers against a certain swindler whose racket is an old one. Matter of fact, we exposed it when manufacturers were the victims. At that time the attorneys chuckled. Now they affably receive the same personable fellow, who passes himself off, usually, as a patent attorney seeking to arrange a separation agreement for a couple he knows. He explains this is out of his own line. During the conference, he casually mentions the excellent stuff he gets off a ship, which, by the way, has just docked, etc., etc. He usually departs with from eighty to ninety dollars of his victim's money.

ANOTHER racket, which is meeting with a lot of success, came out during a conversation at the University Club the other night. A Mr. Floyd R. Cadwalader related how a pleasant young mechanic had visited his office and displayed a union card bearing, oddly enough, the same name—Floyd Cadwalader. This second Mr. Cadwalader, it appeared, was in desperate straits—had a job here, and so on, but hadn't yet made enough money to bring his family on from Cleveland, and now a daughter had fallen sick out there, and so forth. The first Cadwalader was touched by the misfortune of another Cadwalader, especially another Floyd R., and forked over a sizable loan. As Mr. Cadwalader finished telling the story of his generous act, a Mr. Paul V. Arbuthnot, who was one of his listeners, and who had been growing paler and paler during the recital, rose and staggered from the room.

—THE NEW YORKERS

SEEING GLORIA PLAIN

AS usual I didn't have any matches.

"Why don't you ever have matches?" asked Thérèse.

"Sometimes I do."

"Never when I'm around. I should think you'd get a lighter."

"I don't want a lighter. I like matches better."

"What matches?" asked Thérèse.

While I fished about in my pockets, trying to look as though I had matches, Thérèse held her cigarette impatiently in the air and glanced around the lobby to see how other people were getting along. We were at "June Moon."

"Why don't you ask somebody for a match?" said Thérèse.

"I will."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Well, I will, but I just want to see if I haven't got some first. I don't like asking people for matches."

"Ask that man by the door."

"Him?"

"Certainly. Am I going to have to do it myself?"

"I'll do it."

"Just ask him."

"I will, but I don't think he's a good one to ask. He isn't smoking. I don't think he has matches."

"You're the biggest baby I've ever seen."

"No I'm not."

"Well, why don't you get me a match, then, instead of all this fuss?"

The lobby was rapidly filling with smoke, which rose in fine spirals from the cigarettes of happy theatregoers who had matches.

"I'll get you a match — only don't rush me."

"The man by the door is all right. Ask him."

I WAS about to take a step toward the man by the door, and was trying to decide whether to say "Have you got a match?" or "May I borrow a light?" when I heard Thérèse whisper, "Oh my Lord!" and felt her hand grip my elbow. She pulled me back, close to her.

"There's Gloria Swanson," she said, into my ear.

"Where?"

"Out there on the sidewalk."

"Which one?"

"In the ermine coat with the sable collar."

"The one in the white coat with the black collar?"

"Yes. Don't you recognize her?" Thérèse had become very animated, in a quiet way.

"Sure, I recognize her."

"Who is she with?"

"How do I know? I don't know any marquises."

"That's not Marquis de la Falaise with her."

"I know it isn't."

"Gosh, she's little."

"She *is* small. I like her."

"So do I. Cute nose."

Thérèse was still clutching me, trembling slightly with that faint ecstasy which overtakes women in the presence of divinities, or very expensive wraps, or, as in this case, both. It looked to me like a good chance.

"Know what I'm going to do?" I asked.

"What?"

"I'm going to ask her for a match."

"Ask who?"

"Gloria Swanson."

"Yes you are!" said Thérèse, unconcernedly.

"It'll be fun."

"Go ahead, then." Thérèse wasn't really paying much attention to me.

"Whales do so lay eggs!"

O. SOGLOW

She was watching Gloria closely, at the same time struggling to appear as though she weren't. I made a move toward the door. Thérèse's hand again caught me.

"Don't be a fool."

"Why not? What's wrong with asking her for a match?"

"Because you can't do that."

"I'll pretend I don't recognize her. I'll just say, 'May I borrow a match?' "

Thérèse turned her head long enough to stare at me.

"She hasn't got any matches."

"I'll bet that white coat is full of them."

"You stay here by me, sonny!" said Thérèse, tightening her hold on my arm. A note of responsibility had come into her voice.

"I just want to have some fun. I don't see anything wrong in asking her for a match, just for fun."

"You just want to make a darn fool out of yourself. You can't ask a woman for a match anyway; you've got to ask a man."

"No you don't. You can ask a woman. I've asked women."

"I won't let you."

"I can ask a woman, all right."

"Well you're not going to."

"You want a light, don't you?"

"Well you're not going to go out there and ask Gloria Swanson for a match. Not if I know it."

"Listen," I said, letting a little bad humor come into my tone, "if I just want to have some fun, what's the matter with . . ."

"Curtain going up," said a voice in the inner door.

"Damn it," said Thérèse, throwing her unspoiled cigarette to the floor. Her eyes still followed Gloria. "I don't see why you never carry matches."

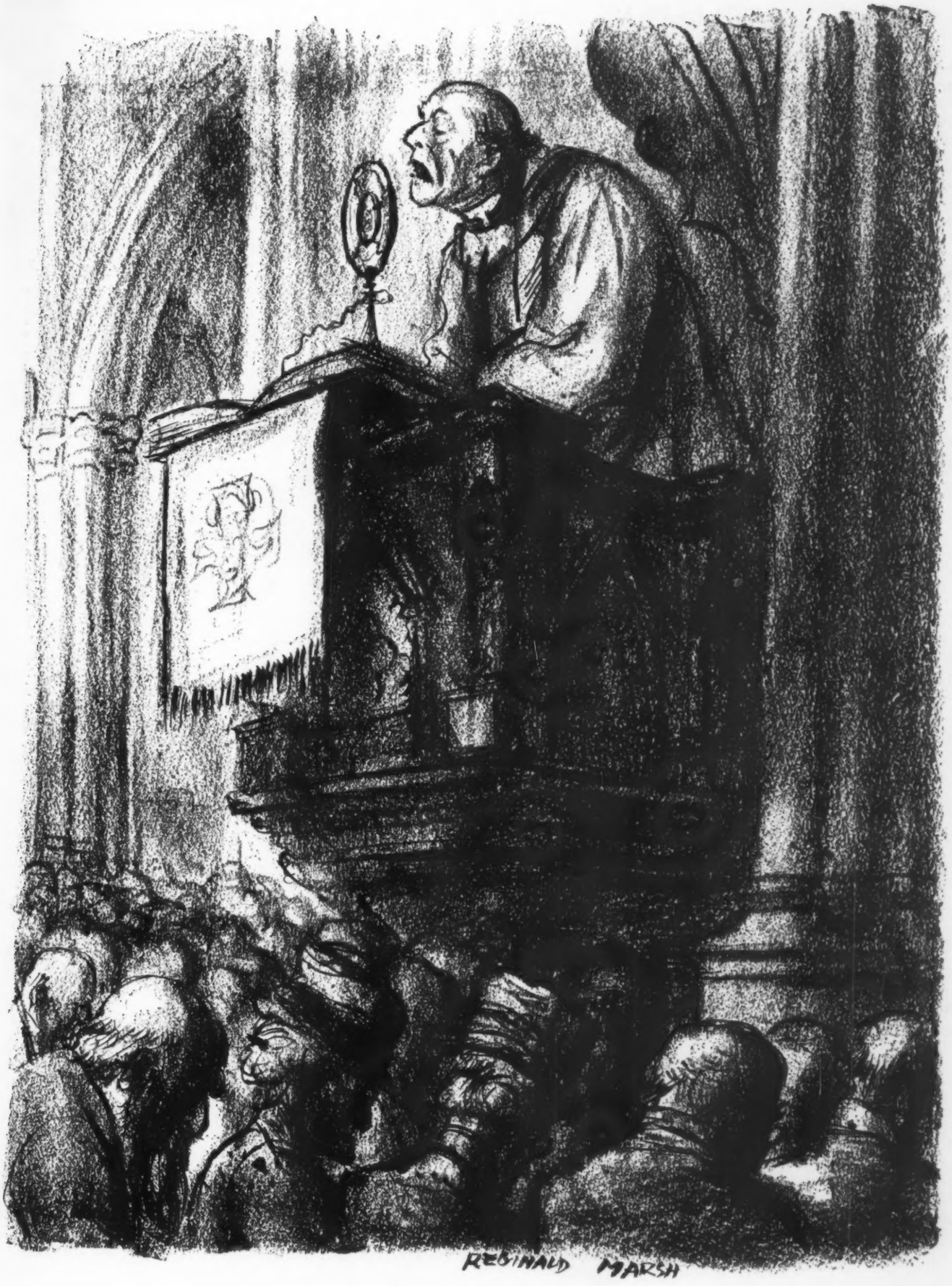
Later, in the middle of the act, Thérèse leaned toward me in the dark. Her lips almost touched my ear, and I could feel her breath as she spoke.

"Would you have, really?" she whispered. —E. B. W.

•

"There is nothing we an do about it," he said. "These people an get liquor anywhere and everywhere in the ity, and we have no way of heking up on it. If you were really to ount as deaths resulting from alohol both the diret an dindiret, you would find a muh larger number, for every day we find traes of liquor in the . . ."—*Dr. Thomas A. Gonzales, quoted in the World.*

Need we go on, Doctor?



"Let us pray."

THE CORNELL-PENN IMBROGLIO

In applying for . . . . tickets for the Pennsylvania-Cornell football game I hereby certify that I am a former student of Cornell, that all of the tickets so applied for are for my personal use and will not be transferred to anyone else, that at least one of the seats allotted on this application will be occupied by myself and the other or others of them by members of my personal party, and that none of them will be occupied by adherents of Pennsylvania.—*Post card from the Cornell Athletic Association.*

NOW that last clause isn't fair. It smacks too much of the caste system. Since I left Cornell to shift for myself, and it to shift for itself, I have run up against a great many Pennsylvania "adherents" at one time or another, and my experience has been that they are all right. Oh, I admit that a few of them are climbers and would do almost anything to be recognized socially by a Cornell man, but we of Cornell needn't throw any stones in that direction. There are men among us who would go to any length to be recognized socially at Colgate.

By issuing this flat ultimatum forbidding any traffic with Pennsylvania adherents the Cornell Athletic Association makes things pretty difficult and is very likely to get itself in a jam. Take my own case. I once thought seriously of marrying a Pennsylvania co-ed. Under the rules I suppose she would have been classed as a Pennsylvania adherent; marriage with me would not have made her a Cornell adherent, *ipso facto*, as is the case in Italy, France, and other European countries. Now suppose I got this postal card calling my wife an adherent. I'd have had to have the whole Cornell Athletic Association out. Swords for fifty-eight, coffee for one. Make it Postum. Fortunately, the Cornell Association, try as it may, can not place me in any such dilemma, for while I did think seriously of marrying this Pennsylvania co-ed, she thought more seriously of marrying a fellow from Brown and, in fact, did marry him. I hear they fight constantly over the relative merits of their alma maters. Miscevarsitation, or marriage between adherents of different colleges, is always a mistake.

"Look at the time, Clarisse, and see if I'm rested."

THE trouble with the student bodies of Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania is that they see too little of each other. If they saw more of each other they would know each other better and false impressions would be removed. Cornellians would realize that the story about Pennsylvania professors eating alive all students getting less than seventy-five in a monthly test is a *canard*, and an absurd *canard*. The student body at Penn would know that Cornellians do not offer the ten least comely co-eds as a burnt offering to Minerva, annually. Both student bodies would know the truth, which is that the faculty at Penn eat only those students getting fifty or less, while at Cornell it is only

the five, not the ten homeliest girls, who are sacrificed.

In both universities there are fifteen thousand students. Of the fifteen thousand only twenty-two (the two football elevens) actually get to know each other. This occurs at the annual Thanksgiving Day game at Philly. Twenty-two men who play football with each other for an hour and a half are bound to know each other. You can't say you don't know a fellow well if you and he have been together in a football scrimmage.

TAKE the tooth situation: the innumerable friendships which have started simply because two opponent football players found after a game that they had one or more of each other's teeth in their possession. The two student bodies at the game never exchange teeth. They sit on opposite sides of the field and would be self-conscious about it, anyhow. The exchange has to be spontaneous.

It is in the locker-room after the game, when the two teams get together to compare notes, that missing teeth are restored and beautiful friendships started. A player from Cornell named Reedle may notice that a Penn man named Doob is shy a tooth. Reedle restores Doob's tooth. Doob is grateful. These Cornell fellows can't be so bad after all, thinks Doob. Reedle could have stowed the tooth away and taken it home to his room as a trophy. Some blighters have been known to do that. Check up one Reedle-Doob friendship.

Of course, it doesn't work with dentists. Dentists rarely play football because, after all, it is such an anticlimax to them, but there have been a few dentist-footballists, and experience has shown that the sight of a dislodged tooth arouses all their baser instincts. In a Cornell-Penn game of a few years ago in which Pennsylvania beat Cornell by a larger score than usual it was found that two dentistry students who were members of the Penn varsity eleven had used novocaine on the Cornell backfield.

ON the other hand, we must be fair to the dentists and to dentistry. There is a considerable faction at Cornell which maintains that the seat of Coach Gil Dobie's pessimism is in his teeth; that if he were to have them thoroughly X-rayed and perhaps extracted, he would become an optimist and would no longer feel called upon to turn purple and emit horrible groanings, accompanied by tears, at every sight of an Ithaca varsity football player. I disagree with this theory of Mr. Dobie's neurosis, however. I firmly believe that at a very early age he was frightened by a picture of the Yale football eleven of 1861, all of whose members wore full beards. To this day he remains Dobious about football teams.

Granted, then, that at the end of the game the Cornell and Pennsylvania football elevens are friends. Not the student bodies, though. They either march or slink (I must admit that we are the ones who generally slink) off the field, and if any glances are exchanged they are of that genus commonly described as baleful.

I HAVE given the whole matter considerable thought. I think it is high time that an alumnus of one college or the other took a preliminary step toward establishing friendly relations between Cornell and Pennsylvania. I am going to take that step, though it means practically flying in the face of the Cornell Athletic Association. I am going to take the entire student body of Pennsylvania to the Thanksgiving Day game with me, to sit in the Cornell section, on the laps of the Cornell student body. I am therefore making application to the Cornell Athletic Club for 9,301 tickets, that being the number of students credited to Pennsylvania by the latest *World Almanac* in my possession. A blank cheque signed by me accompanies the order.

If the Cornell A. C. turns down my application; if it throws a wet blanket on the project (I shall resent any kind of blanket, for that matter) that is the Association's affair. I shall have done my duty. —FRANK SULLIVAN

ON LEARNING THAT THE RESERVOIR IS TO BE OBLITERATED

(WITH APOLOGIES TO ELIA)

I knew a city once, I knew Manhattan,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays—
All, all are gone, the old familiar landmarks.

I have been laughing, I have been coquetting,
Primping late, preening late, in Peacock Alley—
All, all are gone, the old familiar landmarks.

I knew a square once, jolliest of plazas:
Rapt is its glory hence, the Garden brick-dust;
All, all are gone, the old familiar landmarks.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no one:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar landmarks.

Ghostlike I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Paused at the reservoir, soon to be earth-choked,
Soon to be lost with the old familiar landmarks.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than brother,
Why wert not thou born in my old Manhattan?
So might we talk of the old familiar landmarks—

How some have changed, some been erased forever,
Some been disfigured; all are departed—
All, all are gone, the old familiar landmarks.

—BABETTE DEUTSCH

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"I'll take two of these, please. We have twin beds."

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE stock-market slump, some fear, will have a bad effect upon the holiday trade. And think of the *Times*, which will have to raise money for the Million Neediest Cases.

•

Of course 865,549 New Yorkers might possibly be wrong, but they can't be lonesome.

•

This department danced in the streets in celebration of Norman Thomas' overwhelming victory over Enright.

•

The President's apology to Hiram Johnson was a handsome one, and the gentlemanly Californian declared the incident closed. It is not as if it were a real treat for a senator to meet Charlie Dawes.

•

The great deliberative body is willing to deliberate about anything except the tariff. It took time out to consider whether or not Brookhart had a good time at a party three years ago.

•

Meanwhile Bill Thompson has taken another one on the chin. Chicago boosters will soon be claiming that they have the most horizontal mayor in the civilized world.

•

The army of the Hoovercrats met disaster in the attack upon Richmond. Virginians, it seems, are tired of being Cannon fodder.

•

It was a surprise to us to learn that going out to dinner is the paramount issue of this administration. We understood that everybody was going to spend these four years eating out of a pail.

•

Senator (Hire 'em) Bingham did not personally vote on the resolution of censure but merely answered "present." This was perhaps a delicate allusion to the present he made to the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association.

•

A cobbler was fined twenty-five dollars for going hunting in Van Cortlandt Park. It was alleged that he was endangering the lives of alleged golfers.

•

La Guardia's fate should be a lesson to us all. The New York Republican organization never forgives disloyalty. The sinner will some day be punished by the nomination for mayor.

•

Former Speaker Gillett says he often saw Congressmen intoxicated on the floor of the House. They always got up into their seats, however, in time to vote for the dry laws.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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FRANKNESSES OF 1929

Amazing Instances of Plain Speaking, Noted in the Daily Press

THE FRANK ONE	THE FRANKNESS
Dr. J. M. Thomas, president of Rutgers	When asked why he had given up golf for gardening, said, "I never have a dull day now. When I devoted myself to golf, it was often dull."
Dr. A. D. Little, chemist of Manchester, England	"The intelligent workman is a handicap to modern mass production. It is better to select stupidity and train it."
John Chidester, Lincoln, Neb.	When arraigned for vagrancy, pleaded he was not a vagrant, but a professional bootlegger.*
Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago	When asked to what he ascribed his success, his answer was, "99-44/100% luck."
Dr. R. V. D. Magoffin, New York University	"While numismatics is the grammar of art, epigraphy is the time clock of philology, paleography is the index finger of chirography, and archeology is the panometer of the humanistic arts."‡

* He was freed.
‡ Agreed.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

"Is there anything in the 'Times'?"

PROFILES

THE MASCOT OF THE TROOP

Fritzi Scheff

EARLY in the autumn season, as the musical shows were just getting under way, a new electric sign suddenly blazed out above an uptown theatre. It was a sign which bore with it an overwhelming sense of the past—a sign designed to make any local Rip Van Winkle rub his eyes and decide that his sleep was not yet over. With blissful disregard for the intervening years, it flamed forth the legend: "FRITZI SCHEFF IN MLLE. MODISTE." Except for the fact that the bulbs were larger (and probably brighter), they spelled out the same letters that once dominated a half-forgotten season. It was on Christmas night, 1905, that they first appeared above the old Knickerbocker. For one startled moment, the present Broadway wanderer found some difficulty in remembering that this theatre was Jolson's, that the year was 1929, and that the sign marked a belated renaissance, twenty-four years after.

Once inside the theatre, you were still pursued by the haunting sense of triumphs long since passed. The house was packed to the doors with as responsive an audience as ever crowded the Knickerbocker in the days of the earlier run, but the echoes of that long-muted applause had in them a new quality. It was a pensive and teary audience that greeted the return of "Mlle. Modiste"—an audience which Broadway knows as the crying-into-beer variety, assuming (erroneously) that there is any decent beer left to cry into. There was more or less surreptitious eye-mopping on the part of frozen-faced first-nighters and audible sniffs coming from the most unexpected sources. Part of this was due to the music itself, which is moving as only pure melody can be. And, added to this, was the irresistible effect of a scene of spontaneous gaiety, reconstructed in the shadows of the years that have come in between. An old tragedy may still be tragic but an old comedy can be utterly heart-rending. The rediscovered charm of "Mlle. Modiste" lies partially in this; its melodies are so fresh and light-hearted and irresponsibly lovely, and the gay, dim world it celebrates has passed so irrevocably with the passing of its gallant composer.

ALL the Herbert revivals have this quality, but "Mlle. Modiste" more than any of them. And this was because, with the entrance cue for Fifi, the Beautiful Hatshop Heroine, there whisks out of the wings a trim, impudent little figure with the face of an engaging and faintly malicious kitten. It was the reëntrance of the only possible Mlle. Modiste in the person of Mlle. Scheff, who took up the rôle after almost a quarter of a century as if she had left it for an incidental weekend. "As we were saying when we were interrupted," her impertinent nonchalance implied, and she coolly disposed of the intervening years by the simple process of ignoring them. She sang the memory-haunted "Kiss Me Again" with the air of a young prima donna discovering a new and surprising melody. And the rattle of her drum in "The Mascot of the Troop" seemed to beat out a gay tattoo of defiance aimed straight in the faces of the surrounding spectres of age and death and time.

With the principal figure in this most dramatic of revivals thus snapping her fingers at the years, it is difficult to consider them as actually existing. As one who had never seen her before this return, we found the distance in time it spans unbelievable. Yet the records stretch back to a far-away musical season in Vienna when the young daughter of Dr. Gottfried Scheff and Anna Jaeger, a well-known and beloved concert-singer, was starting a precarious career in such bits as fall to the lot of the aspiring music student. One of these bits in a Munich performance arrested the attention of the lynx-eyed Maurice Grau in his yearly exploration of the Continent; he departed from that city with young Fritzi's contract firmly held in his masterly grasp. A little later, Fritzi herself arrived at the Metropolitan Opera House, where professionally she became known as the most vivacious Musetta in that season's production of "La Bohème." Personally, the excitement she added to that operatic jungle of assorted temperaments brought her the half-awed if affectionate title of "Le Petit Diable." At about this time, Charles B. Dillingham apparently decided that a "Petit Diable" was just what his company needed and, after a few hours of his persuasive arguments, Mlle. Scheff said farewell to the homely, friendly Opera House in Thirty-ninth Street to study the operettas of an American composer whose work even then had far passed the stage known as "promising." His name was Victor Herbert, and it is everlastingly to the credit of the Scheff musical judgment that she recognized his melodies as worthy to meet the challenge of most of the airs she had been warbling in the type of opera somewhat oppressively called "grand."

AS far as we can gather, the first of these brought no particular fame to their leading singer. There may have been minor triumphs which are lost in time, but her first spectacular spotlight came with that Christmas night when the erstwhile Musetta stood between the modestly retiring figures of Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom and bowed her acknowledgment to an audience gone hysterical with delight. The mauve-decade custom of unharnessing horses and jolting a prima donna in the carriage up Broadway (an uncomfortably athletic tribute, we have always thought) was no longer in vogue—but it was that kind of an evening. There were flowers and serenades and suppers at Delmonico's—and a limitless flow of rapturous adjectives from the gentlemen of the press. And the young visitor from Vienna found herself identified overnight with one rôle and one operetta—an identification which, to her somewhat irritated bewilderment, has marked her as Mlle. Modiste to this day.

Her inescapable connection with this

production has been still further accented by her association with one song. The memories of that languorous, provocative melody floating out to the refrain of "Kiss Me Again" are as irrevocably linked with Fritzi Scheff as Carmen's "Habañera" ever was with Calvé. And, life's little ironies being what they are, it is not surprising to learn that Mlle. Scheff fought to her utmost (which is no mild degree) to get the song out of the score.

"I said, 'But it is impossible,'" she now confides. "I told Herbert, I told Blossom—it cannot be sung. Look at the range, look at the intervals, I begged them. Can anyone sing it? Can I? Am I a 'cello?"

Obviously Messrs. Herbert and Blossom had no comeback to this last baffling inquiry. But such was the persuasive power of their entreaties that she was finally induced to restore the song when the piece opened in New York. (It was actually out of the score on the road tryouts.) And with the first swooning intimations of the "Sweet summer breeze" and the soft insinuating repetitions of the refrain (she made it something like "Ki-uss me, ki-uss me again") the house went mad with delight again and the singer realized that the song was hers for all time. Even now, after all these years, she seems to feel some slight resentment against it. But the audience had made it hers alone, and even a "Petit Diable" doesn't dispute the gallery gods.

"Those wouldn't do for him—he's not at all forward-thinking."

"Mlle. Modiste" ran for three years, a fabulous run for days that had never known either Abie or his Rose. After two more Herbert productions, only mildly successful, she left Dillingham for the Shuberts, and a season of Gilbert and Sullivan which included "The Mikado," with a sprightly young newcomer known as Alice Brady. There were successes and near-successes under this changed régime, but nothing remotely touching the triumph of "Mlle. Modiste." In fact, the years soon began that diminuendo of fortune which so often follows a sensational hit, and we get inklings of weary, drab seasons which found her singing in picture houses, in vaudeville, and playing in road companies in a repertoire which included, amazingly, the rôle of Aggie Lynch in "Within the Law." How gray these years were, what heartaches they involved can only be imagined—you will never learn it from the brisk, assured little autocrat now restored to her spotlight as the unconquerable Fifi. "When Milton Aborn asked me if I could bring it back I said, 'But of course,'" she announced calmly. "Some of the others were afraid of a flop but I laughed to myself," she added. "A thing like

'Mlle. Modiste' doesn't flop, it gets better."

And to this theory the audiences of Jolson's and the Casino have been noisily committed.

The career of Mlle. Scheff is surrounded by the usual fantastic legends — of temperamental fireworks, of an incredible entourage of servants, companions, and trunks whenever she travelled, of milk-baths and straw-covered streets. However exaggerated these legends may be, her life, actually, has had an infinite variety of color and dramatic incident—including three marriages. The first was Lieutenant von Bardeleben of Vienna, who, in addition to his military activities, seems to have had some courtly connections with a valentine shop. He faded amiably out of the picture soon after the success of "Mlle. Modiste." The second was John Fox, Jr., whom she met at a supper in her honor at Delmonico's. This romance (which was started by a spirited combat over the lateness of his arrival) lasted almost up to the time of his death. The third was the actor-manager George Anderson, who still emerges from time to time in her life for casual friendly greeting. Although all three were divorced, the *entente* between them and their former wife seems to have been miraculously preserved. "There is nothing in marriage—or in divorce, for that matter—that is worth getting bitter about," Mlle. Scheff observed sagely. It is a commentary on the Holy State which Count Keyserling himself would hardly venture to dispute.

Now that she has regained her place in the spotlight, Fritzi Scheff hasn't the slightest intention of relinquishing it. There will be a road tour of "Mlle. Modiste" and, after that, the possibility of a new production. These projects are subject to the usual chances of accident and delay, but personally we have complete faith in the "future" which she discusses so confidently. After what we saw on that opening night, we are assured that the Mascot of the Troop can continue indefinitely to rattle her drum in the face of Time.

—ALISON SMITH

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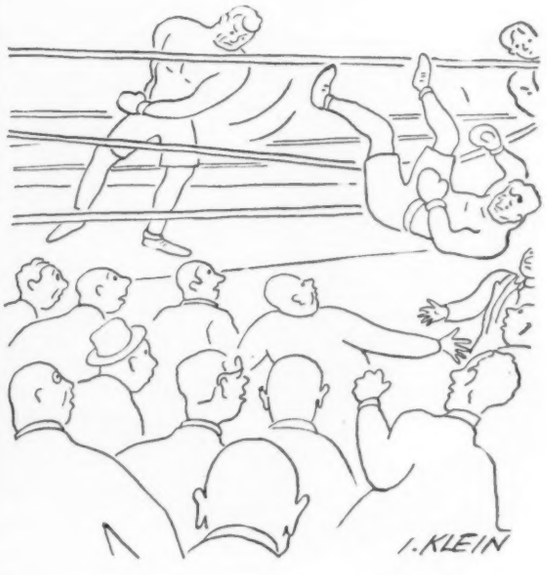
TARIFF FIGHT RAGES

Public Excitement High as Congress Battles at Tariff Wall

JUST BEFORE DAWN. "Our Country Right or Wrong." Winsor McCay draws powerful cartoon which makes Daumier turn in his grave and tariff wall tremble.

BULLETS OR BALLOTS! Shall canned peas stand or fall? Above (left to right), Senator Smoot, can of peas, Senator Simmons. "Why five-hundred-per-cent increase in canned-pea tariff?" they are all asking.

POWER OF THE PRESS. Is this a Mother Goose book? Nope. It's the *Congressional Record* (applause)—ten thousand copies of it being sent to Telluride, Colorado. Left to right (above), Power of the Press, Dome of Capitol, and *Congressional Record*.



THE COURT OF LAST APPEAL IS THE PEOPLE. To the people shall its champions turn. Above, an old print of a champion turning to the people.

FIRE

THE interesting cloud of smoke, vaguely out of place in the city landscape. The bells. The sirens. The terrified halt in traffic. The young lady who gets caught in the middle of the street and, feeling she is about to die anyway, practically throws herself under the hook-and-ladder truck. The blasé gentleman who guesses there is a fire over on Sixth Avenue. His friend who glances back wearily and observes that it seems to be a big one. The stern reflection that people who run to fires are simple-minded. The primitive excitement. The struggle. The surrender. The effort to preserve the quiet dignity of a lady who has pretty important business in that direction but is far too bright to consider large conflagrations as anything but a nuisance and a bore.

The gradually increasing throng of those with business on Sixth Avenue. The young couple who are frankly running. The two girls just back from work whose speculations are pleasantly morbid. The upper windows full of bright young men who seem likely at any minute to dash their brains out on the sidewalk. The clanging bell. The shiny scarlet limousine driven by a chauffeur who apparently got his start on a scenic railway. The gentleman inside, holding on tight and looking a little anxious. The pious reflection that as chief of the department he'll probably have a better view of the fire than you will but that you stand a slightly larger chance of getting there alive and well.

THE ten thousand or more people who seem to share your harmless weakness. The new apartment building with black smoke pouring from its upper windows. The disappointing absence of anything spectacular in the way of leaping flames. The girl who thanks goodness that the building is empty so they won't be carrying out a lot of unconscious victims. The very seedy gentleman happily figuring the possible losses not covered by insurance. The sturdy child who says wistfully that the next building would make a swell fire because it is a photographic-supply house and full of explosives. The youth who is certain that the roof will fall in a few minutes. The stout and terrible matron grimly convinced that the firemen are not doing their best.

Your quiet persistence in worming your way forward. The mounted policeman, very grand and a little harassed. The fire-tower, looking much less like the Tour Eiffel than you had imagined. The vague glimpses of firemen in shiny helmets attaching hoses and squirting hopefully in the direction of the upper stories. Their fine decision to go inside for closer combat. The arrival of the ambulance, very large and ominous. The melancholy young woman who certainly hopes that nobody has been killed or injured. The arrival of the police patrol. The buzz of awed excitement. The departure of the police patrol because there seems to be nobody worth arresting. The small burst of flame which is greeted with admiring applause.

THE feeling that this is all very nice but that it needs action. The order to move back and the resulting congestion. The pressure. The bad air. The inability either to stand still or to move in any definite direction. The panicky fear that something really *will* explode and that you'll be trampled. The large lady in brown who goes a trifle dotty and begins screaming that she must get out, and punching people with her elbows. The ghastly conviction that the fire will keep on smoldering for hours like the stupider sort of volcano and that you will have to stay and watch it unless you faint or die in the meantime. The hero with the lunchbox and the highly perfected subway technique who suggests you follow him. The shoving. The feet you step on. The fear that you may not be able to keep all your outer garments with you. The delicious freedom. The air which feels like Alpine breezes. The slight weakness and tendency of your knees to collapse under you. The last hopeful glance at the fire, which is much as usual. The taxicab. The bitter reflection that anybody who goes to more than one fire in the city ought to have a good doctor examine his head.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

MEASUREMENT

I have known a man
By the way he stood
Indifferent or breathless
In a yellow wood.

I have discovered
A man laid bare
When rain was a tangle
In his blown, dark hair.

And one I have loved
For no other worth
Than the way his long hands
Spoke to earth.

—FRANCES M. FROST

MINORITY REPORT

THOUGH I be burned at the stake for a heretic, I must come right out and say that I was bored stiff during the greater part of "Bitter Sweet." Once, at the final curtain to the second act, when some inspired direction transformed an old-fashioned café duel-scene into real drama, and again, in the third act, when the Ambassador's wife said that she didn't think that little Eva was the right age for Vienna, only in these two spots (and an occasional lyric) did it seem as if Noel Coward had been within writing distance of the thing. For the rest, the book might have been done by Rida Johnson Young and the music by any Viennese orchestra-leader. And when you consider that Mr. Coward is without doubt the most versatile and entertaining writer for the theatre today, such a vanilla concoction as "Bitter Sweet," acceptable as it would have been from an ordinary writer, is pretty disappointing.

Of course, it is very, very nice. It is of such niceness as to make any detractor seem like a great, vulgar oaf, even to himself. It is nice in the manner of a soprano lady singing the one about what the Dresden-china shepherd said to the Dresden-china shepherdess. In fact, the whole show, book, music, everything, gives the impression of having been written in a soprano key. And the fragile beauty of Miss Evelyn Laye, together with the sweet delicacy of her voice, only serves to heighten this effect. One cannot confess indifference to such impeccable daintiness without marking oneself as a coarse-grained, blasé old fellow with none of the finer appreciations and probably an evil heart. I am afraid that I must hereby mark myself as such. It is gratifying to know that in this great ugly noisy city such gossamer entertainment can be hailed as "Bitter Sweet" has been hailed, but I personally must ask to be excused from having to sit through it again.

It is possible that the fact that Johann Strauss has a Viennese score being played down the street had something to do with making Mr. Coward's Viennese score seem rather tame. It is also possible that the memory of Miss Gladys Baxter's voice the week before made Miss Laye's voice less impressive than it might have been. Of course, the book of "A Wonderful Night" tries to be funny, where Mr. Coward's book makes no pretence, and the Messrs. Shubert have not the knack that Mr. Ziegfeld has of making a social event of a theatrical production. Neither have they Mr. Ziegfeld's landlord, Mr. Brisbane, to aid them in their publicity. But they have an equal number of ladies in bustles dancing bouncing two-steps (and, would you believe it, *prettier* ladies), equally good scenery with the added excitement of a revolving stage, and, whether Frau Strauss sues them for it or not, they have the model for all Viennese scores in the world. And yet such is Mr. Ziegfeld's spell as a producer, "Bitter Sweet" will be the Thing to See and "Die Fledermaus" will be supported by music-lovers in mufti only so long as they last.

I would feel like apologizing to Mr. Coward for not thrilling at his "operette" if I did not suspect that he deliberately set out, as a *tour de force*, to write something which should have no vestige of his own particular genius in it, something that would silence those who have criticized him on the grounds of flippancy, smartness, and decadence. If this was his aim (and I pray that it was), he must be laughing his head off at the fuss which has been made of his hoax, or, at any rate, congratulating himself on his never having to try very hard again. He could do another "Bitter Sweet" tomorrow after lunch.

LIKE the thrill which crept up your spine when you realized, in the first act of "Outward Bound," what the author was trying to do, is the excitement which lies in the basic idea of "Berkeley Square." Mr. Balderston, the author, set himself an almost impossible problem in metaphysics when he decided to take his hero back one hundred and forty odd years and put him into the body of his ancestor who lived in 1784. Peter Standish, with all his knowledge of what had happened (or was going to happen) between 1784 and 1928, must move about in the London society of the time of George the Third, a soul without a country, and yet he must not be allowed to degenerate into a Yankee in King Arthur's Court or any one of the dozens of comedy characters who have been transplanted by librettists and amateur satirists back to an age not their own. He must maintain the transcendental mood established by himself in the first act, when he described the Mind which, like a man in an airplane, sees the boat in the river below together with the landmarks which the boat has just passed, is now passing, and will soon pass beyond the bend in the stream. This is a pretty tough job.

That Mr. Balderston has succeeded at all is remarkable when one considers that he must deal not only with such earthy agents as actors, off-stage noises, and late arrivals in the audience, but also with the adamant disinclination on the part of the public to lend itself wholeheartedly to any attempt to induce metaphysical thought.

He has been aided immeasurably in his problem by Mr. Leslie Howard, who, in his perfect playing, succeeds in actually giving the impression of a man so disassociated from Time. I cannot remember having seen such a difficult rôle so well acted. Even in those passages where the play lapses into a suspicion of the Yankee in King Arthur's Court (as it was almost inevitably bound to do when comedy was desired) he still managed to maintain a certain dignity. Miss Margalo Gillmore (who, you will remember, was

also Mr. Howard's ghost girl in "Outward Bound") has the task of making a crystal-gazing scene into the future sound less like cheating than it is, as well as being the only person in the play who understands Peter Standish's peculiar situation, and I imagine that anyone less ethereal than she seems would be well-nigh impossible.

If I failed to be caught up entirely by the spell of Mr. Balderston's play, I must plead guilty to having been, by accident, one of those unspeakable late-arrivals at the performance, a tardiness which was aggravated by the ushers at the Lyceum suddenly discovering, in the middle of a scene, that all the people they had seated on the left of the house belonged on the right.

WITHOUT Donald Meek, "Broken Dishes" might be just another one of those small-town home plays in which the browbeaten husband takes a couple of drinks and asserts himself. With him, it is both an amusing and touching entertainment. There is hardly a movement or expression of Mr. Meek which is not inspired and, although he has been playing the same part for many years, he has never played it so well before, even in "The Potters." So perhaps some of the credit should go to Martin Flavin, the author, for having written it for Mr. Meek to play. A young lady named Bette Davis would also seem to be in line for something rather good before long. She will probably have to wait quite a while, however, for "Broken Dishes" to close.

IN "Cortez" Mr. Lou Tellegen appears as the first Spaniard to speak with a Teutonic accent and, at the same time, preserve his figure. He also captures the first movie company on location in the Sonora Valley in which the gentlemen all thought to bring along their dinner-coats.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

Nielson, as ever, threw himself into the painting, yet remained steadfastly objective, building the expression around Miss Kletzsch's personality.

It is going to be harder and harder for the critics to characterize Nielson, now that his work is becoming known in versatility, though it is this humble critic's opinion, looking into the future, that elusiveness of spirit, lightness of touch, combined with basic and eternal verities will be an upshot found in all his work. —*Will George in the Modern Milwaukeean.*

"His gentle spirit rolls
In the melody of souls—
Which is pretty, but I don't know
what it means."

"SWEET ADELINE"

The first musical smash of the season involves the services of (as above) Miss Irene Franklin, Miss Helen Morgan, Mr. Robert Chisholm and, in hand-to-hand conflict with a bicycle, Mr Charles Butterworth.

A VOYAGE TO PURILIA—VI

FURTHER ADVENTURES ON THIS WHIMSICAL PLANET TEACH THE AUTHOR THAT THE GUILTY ARE ALWAYS PUNISHED AND THE VIRTUOUS REWARDED

SINCE this work (in intention, at least) is primarily scientific in character, at this point I must digress from the account of my own difficulties—immediately after my arrest, I was indicted for the murder of Garrison, speedily tried, convicted, and sentenced to death by electrocution—long enough to lay before the reader some further general observations upon the emotional life of the Purilians and the singular manner in which it finds expression.

AS I have already indicated, the life of a Purilian is divided equally between violent physical activity and almost equally violent emotional activity, but what I have not, perhaps, succeeded in making clear is that the two forms of activity are closely interrelated and that not only is every physical act fraught with emotional significance, but every emotion is patently evidenced by some external physical manifestation.

It would be reasonable to assume that a people whose life is so largely dominated by the play of emotion would have developed not only a wide and minutely graded emotional range, but a complex and varied machinery of expression. The reverse, however, is the case. The emotions of the Purilians are as quantitatively limited as they are qualitatively simple, and although they compensate in intensity for what they lack in variety and complexity, the method of their expression cannot fail to strike the curious observer as singularly undeveloped. In fact I speedily discovered that there exists, in Purilia, a system of symbolical emotional gestures which is as rigid and as universal as the ritual of an established church. Just as the observant visitor to an alien place of worship soon learns to associate certain cadences and genuflections with certain phases of religious expression, although the creed itself may be a mystery, so does the terrestrial observer in Purilia soon learn to associate specific grimaces and contortions with certain emotional experiences of the inhabitants.

Thus, for instance, to shut the eyes tightly (while awake) is an unmistakable evidence of intense suffering. This gesture, however, is confined almost exclusively to women, intense suffering in men being expressed by a parting of the lips and a firm clenching of the teeth.

The lowering of the female eyes is a certain evidence of shame; whereas terror is expressed by a frantic clutching of the throat, accompanied by a pronounced protrusion of the eyeballs. To stare vacantly into space is an infallible indication of profound despair. Dire perplexity is expressed by a repeated manipulation of the brow with the fingers of the right hand, beginning at the left temple and ending in the middle of the right cheek. In extreme cases, perplexity also loosens several wisps of hair at the front of the head. A Pudencian, in moments of embarrassment, hangs her head, or, if her nature should be slightly frivolous, rapidly taps the ground with her foot.

The appearance of profuse perspiration upon the brow is, in Paragonians, an evidence of profound agitation, but, in Vauriens, an indication of mortal terror. Females in Purilia do not perspire, it being one of the many physiological curiosities of the country that they are not provided with sweat glands. A desire to be reunited to an absent person is always expressed by prolonged staring at the photograph of the distant one; whereas grief over the mistakenly assumed infidelity of an absent lover finds its happiest expression in the shedding of tears over a vase of flowers (preferably roses and, whenever possible, a bouquet which was the gift of the lover himself).

A Bordellian usually indicates the waning of love by removing her costly jewels and returning them to her erstwhile lover. In cases of extreme revulsion of feeling, the jewels are torn from the throat and flung at the feet of the lover. For a Bordellian to proffer a man a latchkey is a symbolic evidence of symbolic lust; while, on the other hand, a return to a more virtuous mode of life finds expression in a change of attire from a lacy negligee to a simple street costume of dark hue.

To talk out of the corner of the mouth is a sure sign of villainy; and, indeed, so patent an evidence of evil intentions is this method of conversation that it is usually employed only by criminals of inferior social position. Vauriens, higher in the social scale, usually give evidence of their sinister intentions by raising their right eyebrows. This may or may not be accompanied by a rolling of the cigar between the lips, depending upon the degree of villainy contemplated. A cigar is unmistakable evidence of an evil nature. When tilted upward, it expresses the happy fruition of some malign intent, and when depressed at the corner of the mouth it is an infallible indication of lust.

Paragonians are frequently cigarette smokers, but the smoking of a cigarette is not in itself evidence of a heroic nature, especially if the smoker should wear a derby hat or permit a growth of hair upon his upper lip. Pipe-smoking is proof not only of a kindly and guileless nature but of paternity. Smoking in women is an infallible evidence of symbolic lewdness and is confined to Bordellians of the most depraved sort.

TO return, however, to my narrative. The weeks succeeding my arrest were harrowing ones indeed. I am confident that, judged dispassionately, the case against me was weak; and I do not believe that any human jury would have accepted the evidence which was presented as proof that I was guilty of Garrison's murder.

But Purilian juries are easily swayed; and a grave tactical error of my own contributed in large measure to my conviction. This occurred in the course of my defence when, hoping to combat the evidence presented against me, I described the highly suspicious conduct of Meg Davis. Far from aiding me, however, this ill-advised step prejudiced both judge and jury against me; for, in suggesting that Meg might have been the guilty person, I violated one of the cardinal principles of Purilian ethics, which prescribes that no man, no matter what the circumstances, must ever by word or by deed in any way compromise, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]

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Ask The Man Who Owns One

MR. WALLACE INTERVIEWS HIMSELF

EDITORS' NOTE: The following interview was spoken into a dictaphone by Mr. Edgar Wallace. Mr. Wallace does most of his work that way. During his stay in New York, however, he hasn't been able to keep up with his average daily output of twelve thousand words.

I HAVE come to New York for a rest cure. It is so noisy that I can't work, and if a man can't work he is practically resting.

New York is a grand place. I have seen quite a lot of it, and people have seen quite a lot of me. Right opposite my hotel is a fine building full of windows that overlook my bathroom. It is very awkward.

About three o'clock in the morning the noise of the traffic, which ceased at five minutes to three, begins again. This avenue is one of the quietest places in New York. It has a grass plot running down the centre, and taxicabs running up each side. It is much quieter than Broadway, but not so quiet as Venice. On the other hand, the food is very good. Not that it matters, because I never eat. I haven't the time. There is generally a woman interviewer around, telling me where she was born, and how she came into journalism, and what she lost in the stock market. She always asks me how I manage to do so much work, and I tell her that I have nothing else to do. And, when I have explained this rollicking jest so that she almost understands it, she asks me who is my favorite poet. Browning was my favorite poet for quite a while. But, I got sick of Browning, and now it's Longfellow. They tell me he's an American, too.

I work very hard, especially in the winter, when all the best race tracks are closed. And, I work very hard in the summer, too, when the race tracks are open. I just have to then.

I don't know how much money I've got. I often start counting, but when I get to the dimes and nickels I am sunk. I have never been able to tell one from the other. It helps me a lot when I give a little luncheon party in one of these swell restaurants, because I know just where I am when I am through. But I'm not always broke. I've had as much as a thousand dollars in my pocket, and several more in the bank. I must be a pretty rich man, or my bank manager wouldn't let me overdraw my account.

One of the English newspapers said I earned a quarter of a million dollars a year with my pen. I've got the cutting framed over my desk. When a bill collector calls, I say, "Step right up and read that, sonny, then go home and tell your lousy employer that I was out when you called." Still it's pretty certain that I must earn an awful lot of money. When I see the expensive clothing some of my children buy, I get this idea. Personally, I have no clothes that are fit to wear.

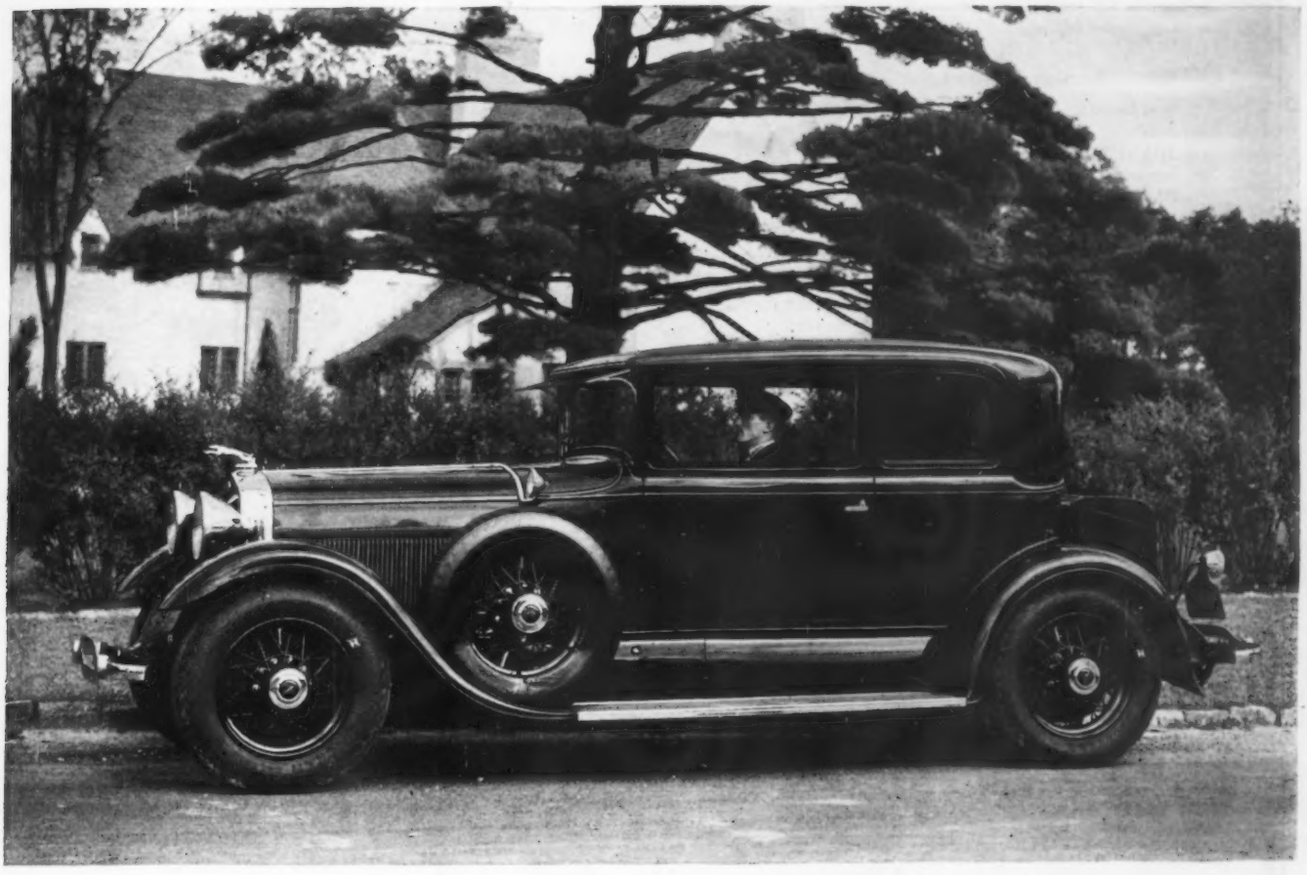
MY method of working is very simply described. Years ago I discovered the only way to get work done was to do it. Up until then I used to have schedules and schemes for work pasted up on my wall: Monday, write a good short story; Tuesday, write a play; Wednesday, write a novel; Thursday, write a madrigal; Friday, write rather an amusing article; Saturday, write a scenario; Sunday, rest. But, nothing came of it—every day was Sunday to me; most of my ancestors were intensely religious.

I HAVE many friends in New York. I know Grover Whalen, and a bunch of reporters, and the telephone girl, and a man uptown who wants to sell me stock, and the elevator man, and a couple of stewards who come ashore from the Berengaria—quite a lot of people. If you're famous, people get to know you—it's funny how that happens. I always say that I'd rather have respect from a lot of poor folks than the false friendship of the idle rich. You know what I mean; people who tell you to come into the market, and then tell you to hold on with both hands, and then say, "Well, you can't help the Act of God, can ya?"

An English friend of mine said the other day, "You can't get away from it—New York is wonderful!" On the other hand, if you can, it's better.

—EDGAR WALLACE

IT IS UNUSUAL TO DISCOVER SO MANY HIDDEN VALUES IN A MOTOR CAR



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THE ART GALLERIES

In Memoriam—Fifty-One Varieties — Studio Notes

THE Arthur B. Davies memorial show at the Ferargil Galleries will probably be seen by all those interested in whatever contribution America has made to the world of art.

To us it has always seemed tragic to be caught in a transitional generation. The mature artist cannot help but feel the stirrings of the new; and yet his whole pattern of life is already set, and to try to vary the weave is only to confuse or confound the fabric.

Davies was such a one. When he died last year, in his late sixties, he had seen the decline of the idols of his youth, the iconoclastic gropings of the new spirit that was to produce something fine, and the ultimate shaping of a lovely expression of the art he loved so well. He, of all the Americans of his generation and school, had been the most sympathetic to the Modern, and he had sacrificed more than any others in an honest endeavor to go the whole way. But his early training was too much, and he dropped back into the mold of his formative years, content to follow his ordained path.

It is not, however, altogether accurate to say content. The last picture he made, dreaming in his Italian hills, was a magnificent gesture of seeking the truth in its ever-changing form. That, more than anything else, to us, marks the real stature of the artist. At the very end he was making this gigantic effort to discard the outmoded poetic sort of thing he did so well for a technique in which his poetry encompassed the medium as well as the subject.

WE are thankful that Mrs. Davies has seen fit to give us these very early studies—the lovely, almost gauche little landscapes showing the influence of Davies' Italian teaching. There is one right out of Ryder, or perhaps Blakelock—the heavily pigmented horse, the golden, lowering sky, and the mystic woods. Then come the easy stages of the youth's love of Tintoretto, and bondage to the classic. In these pictures he had begun the rhythmic use of the idealized nude

EMERALDS. . . . *Out of the nests of griffons in the depths of Jebel Sitkait, legend brought them to deck the tawny skins of Egypt's princesses . . . great glowing stones greener than Nile, greener than palm trees by the river's brim, filled with a slumberous light* ❦ *And so it has always been, wherever women are. This marvelous color, compounded of the leaf's hue, the wave's tint, seems to hold for them an eternal fascination, blooming bright-faceted upon a velvet robe, a gown of silk, a cloak of priceless ermine. Each age and every mode has paid its tribute to this incomparable green . . . the perfect accent for a beauty individual and arresting* ❦ *With the sure instinct which is their heritage many of the smartest women of today have chosen the emerald as that stone most becoming for more formal wear. And at Marcus & Company they may select either rare emeralds carved five centuries ago . . . or exquisitely cut stones fresh from the wheels of the most talented craftsmen of our day, mounted as brooches, necklaces, rings or pins. The prices are from* $30,000 *to* $500.

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which grew into the painting that will eventually be associated with him as his only contribution to art. Most of this period, prolific though it was, to us is mainly sterile. It is a re-working of the same theme, a re-doing of an easy pattern with nothing new except a fancy title. "I Think I Hear America Singing" will, perhaps, remain the high mark of this endeavor—Walt Whitman translated on a not-too-enigmatic canvas.

The moments of rebellion contain some beautiful spirit. In his cubist period, Davies refused to give up one nude or one Hogarth line of beauty, and appliquéd all the planes and half-understood mannerisms of Picasso and the early outcasts. For good measure, he threw in a dash of the primitive. Finding that this new wine contained something too strong for his bottle, he seems to have been satisfied with a return to his accepted manner. Only during the last two years of his life did he chafe again at the style he felt was not a full expression of what he might do. "The Silence of the Plains," one of his last, and the whole group of water colors done in the Marinesque manner, are the high spots of his career.

We found it an amazing show; virile and beautiful for its protest against life, rather than for its easy acceptance of it.

WE are somewhat sorry that we did not get the kick out of the Maria Lani exhibit at Brummer's which we had anticipated. Here were fifty-one painters, most of them famous, showing their interpretation of one model. The mere fact that the exhibition seemed to smack of the press agent was not a factor in our disappointment. Mr. Brummer seldom turns his valuable gallery or his fine hand to anything that is not of the first water. We suppose what we missed was unity.

However, the exhibit, considered as a show of the paintings of some famous and some nondescript painters, easily falls into alignment. Mr. Derain, we will say, has often done better by other models; so has Matisse, who seems to have thrown in his little souvenir as a generous *pourboire* for an afternoon's posing. Never have we seen so many names that should strike terror to the heart. Some we've never heard of—which means nothing one way or the other. If we were to take any of the renditions home to live with, we think we would prefer Despiau, Edzard,

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Venetian Glass

Pascin, and Picabia. Until we can locate a *précieuse* who can tell us what significant spirit we missed in the show, we will have to let it go at that.

WEYHE is having the kind of exhibition that one often finds at Wildenstein's. The walls are devoted to a compilation of drawings, lithographs, and etchings of the men we like so well. These are all studio notes and casuals which, dropped from the sure hand of genius, bring a few hundred dollars apiece in the marts. There are things by Derain, Despiau, Segonzac, Renoir, Picasso (and a student of Picasso called Pruna), Matisse, even Constantin Guys, Ensor (now popular in Paris), and Eric Gill.

With this as a background, Chana Orloff shows some sculpture at Weyhe's. As we have said before, we were reared with a pattern of impressions in which the only use of marble was to bear the cool epitaphs of the dead, so we are seldom stirred by sculpture.

Orloff has a fine sense of portraiture and knows all that is necessary to know about form, balance, and the ten commandments of the making of images. You may like her—and we do not care much whether or not you do.

THOSE who follow the course of Henry Schnakenberg have still a brief time to see his latest things at the Kraushaar Galleries. The show closes Saturday, November 16.

This painter becomes a little more adept as he goes along, and now and then we believe he has enriched himself by discarding some of the set tricks of his trade. There is a little better organization in his "Mill Pond," and "The Mettowee Valley" is somewhat simpler than his usual photographic varnished rendition of rocks and trees. The "Canna" is in the right direction, and the "House by the Brook" is an improvement. Mr. Schnakenberg has been abroad, and the change of scene has been to his advantage. In a series of water colors, he shows a simplification and a little better tonal understanding than he has heretofore.

—M. P.

•

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Claude I. Hunter of Proctor and formerly of this village are the parents of a daughter, Ann Elizabeth, born on Sunday.—*Burlington (Vt.,) Free Press.*

Atta community spirit!

CLEARING THE AIR

THE air at races, horse shows, galleries, the symphony, and the opera is always so polluted with knowing patter that I have found it a little hard to breathe, but since I am attending events with Patrick, all is changed. No question is too embarrassingly revealing of his ignorance for him to ask, since he does not in the least care about appearing to be in the know, and in addition to this, he suffers from an inaudibility illusion.

When Mollie Chandler came up from Virginia for the Bryn Mawr Horse Show, he was in his element, for Mollie is like him in the respect that she too would think out loud before a microphone if it pleased her. The Johnnie Dunns were down from Toronto for the show, and so there were five of us all together. Mollie and Patrick sat at opposite ends of the row and conversed across us. Ladies all about were confiding in impeccable vernacular things about conformation and clean performance, and prophesying about who was going to be blown out, and condescending to admire the magnificent schooling of a horse, though they conceded the riding to be bad. But Patrick was interested only in the rudiments, for his idea of riding is a nice, twelve-day, blizzardy roundup in Montana. He figured that Mollie was the person to teach him, since she owns twenty hunters and has been riding in the shows since she was a child.

THE show was grand. As for me, knowing nothing of either, I could forget conformation and performance as I saw the Indian haze in the trees and the horses' flanks shining in the sun as the magnificent creatures took the outer course. But Patrick would say: "Now about this five-gaited business, Mollie. My top horse had two gaits, a lope and a buck. How do you teach a horse to rack?"

"You don't," answered Mollie, patiently. "His father and his grandfather and all his Revolutionary ancestors had to rack before him."

"But how did Adam get 'em to rack?" persisted Patrick. "Or was it a gift from God?"

"Rode him downhill on rolling stones and jigsawed the reins. God had nothing to do with it," called back Mollie. "Listen to the girl kiss her horse! There'll be a picture of that in the paper tomorrow. She ought to wear orchids. I hate five-gaited

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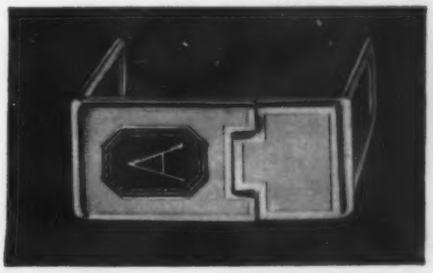

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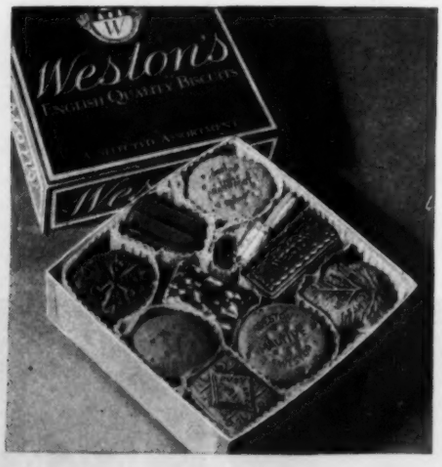

WESTON'S ENGLISH QUALITY BISCUITS

horses," she said with a vigorous burst. "There aren't any horses but hunters. There aren't any dogs but hounds, and there's no state in the Union but Virginia."

The class changed, and a woman was about to take the jumps sidesaddle. This, thought I, is of all the anachronisms the unloveliest. With every jump, she looped into the air, and came down with an awkward flop, her skirts flying up and showing to the whole world the delicately concealed mechanism involved in lady-like riding.

"Isn't it hideous?" called Mollie. "Wasn't she terrible? I tell you I shall never sell a horse to a woman to ride side."

"Why don't they take the horse out to the paddock and give him his punishment there?" asked Patrick. "Now they'll have to shoot him."

"Shush, children," said Jane Dunn. "This place is probably thick with her cousins and her aunts. Allow the Victorians their sensibilities and have some yourselves."

"Now here comes a girl," continued Mollie, in a lovely carrying treble, "who has been spilling for years. Watch her fall. There she goes! Accoutrement doesn't count in this class, but if just on principle she would pin her stock and put her hat on straight and pull up her breeches and not act so horsey, in the due course of time she might learn to ride."

"I might lend her my riding pants," says Patrick. "They're put together with rivets. They're the permanent shape of a horse." He was quite right about the last, too. He put them on this summer to putter around the garden in, and they are a perfect circle.

Their chatter wasn't continuous, naturally, for Johnnie Dunn and Mollie kept score, and Pat perforce had long quiet spells while Jane and I listened to fat, vacant-faced girls delightedly deplore that the newspapers had taken closeups of them, and we deplored it, too.

THERE is such a deal of silliness in the world. I wish I weren't so taken by it. I love things to be smart, then all of a sudden I remember the murdered textile workers, or the starving Armenians, and I break out all over with a sense of proportion as if it were a rash. Patrick precipitates it. I will be just thinking how handsome he would look in black riding clothes with the last word of a silk stripe down the

leg, when he will say: "Lookit the man riding in a Tuxedo," and I'll suddenly be glad his breeches are put together with rivets and are so stiff with weather and horse they would ride alone and not hold leather.

—CLINCH CALKINS

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I'VE STILL GOT THE STOCK

SINCE the big crash it seems silly to go on planning, but I do. Not that I had any great fortune involved in the stock market, but I was fond of what little I had and I shall miss it. Still, moping does no good, and though the period of reconstruction may be hard, it is better to make the best of these difficulties, and I have this to comfort me:

I always made a point of getting pretty stocks, so I still have some very lovely old engravings. True, they won't bring much now in the way of either interest or money, but my grandchildren may like them framed for their parlor walls, and if I never have grandchildren, or they fail to produce the walls, some reputable museum long years from now may give them a good home.

Meanwhile I must get another grindstone for my nose and work very much harder than I ever did before. Sewing has never been my forte, but concentration and earnestness may bring a fluency I should not have thought possible, and I can begin on something simple. I know people with babies, and some who have babies on their calendars for next spring, so there ought to be plain sewing in the evenings and nursemaid work a-plenty. On Sundays there will be vacuuming and mopping, at which I am already so proficient that I expect to be able to cover a good many floors each week if I manage to get them all in the same neighborhood.

Of course, it would be advantageous to enlist a hotel among my clients so I wouldn't have to waste time running about the streets, but I can't decide between the Sherry-Netherland and the Savoy-Plaza, and anyway, if I went to friends they might keep me for dinner. Meanwhile I have a good deal to be thankful for—I bought several cans of corned-beef hash and chicken soup the week before the crash came; I have no husband dependent on me; and I've still got the stock.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

NUNC PRO TUNC

A NAME on the playbill of one of last week's first nights stirred in me long-dormant memories of a struggling village not far from Ithaca, where my vagrancy took me a year or so after the war, and of a faded amateur photograph I saw pinned on a wall there. It was the picture of a gnarled, swarthy, homespun lad of seventeen, perhaps, studying under an oil-lamp, while a curly-haired, hero-worshipping youngster of ten leaned against his knee and studied with him. The village was that tumultuous community called the George Junior Republic, and these were two who, in its early days, swam into its ken with alarming records as burglars left behind them in the world outside. For the likes of them, the quixotically hopeful net of the Republic was ever spread.

William R. George, a deputy under Police Commissioner Roosevelt, is a man of shelter who, in the early nineties, used to spend his vacation in gathering up swarms of street Arabs from the lower East Side, and treating them to a fortnight on his native heath, with all the orthodox delights of milk still warm from the dairy, and yelling descents upon the old swimming hole. It was when a neighbor sent a box of second-hand clothing for distribution among the urchins that the institution of private property raised its ugly head in this Utopia. In the immediate consequences the student of history might have descried the first faint dawn of the Republic. George felt that it would be better for the self-respect of these embryonic citizens if they were to *earn* this clothing. There was a convenient road that needed mending, and I suppose the Republic really began when the first boy stepped forward and offered to work for his suit. The next stage came when, automatically, a pair of pants, thus honorably earned, disappeared in the dead of night. Of course the missing pants were traced to the felonious custody of one of those who had *not* stepped up and offered to work, a drone who had dreamily gone fishing while his brothers toiled on the road. The outraged pants-owners decided, in solemn conclave, that the sentiment of the community was against such short cuts to wealth, and, as a result of their first mass meeting, there came into being, little by little, the first law of the George Junior Republic (it dealt with the sanctity of private property) and then, in due course, the first policeman, the first judge, and the first jail. That was more than thirty years ago. Now the Republic—long since become an all-year-round institution—has school-buildings of its own, an excellent printing-shop, a good bakery, a simply elegant lock-up and the like. Why, some of its first Huckleberry Finns, picked up on the highway, have grown into bankers, with bonds in their vaults, paunches on their façades, and seats, if you please, on the Republic's own Board of Trustees.

BUT these interested me less than that bit of *alumniana* pinned on the wall over Mr. George's desk. Many quite uneventful youngsters have come and gone since it was taken, some of them nameless kids, some of them young hopefuls entrusted to George by parents reluctant to send their children to schools that would only turn them into rubber-stamps. But, of course, the Republic remembers more vividly the stormy petrels once sheltered there. The discolored, old picture was a souvenir of two such retrieved outcasts.

The older boy was Nigger Seidel, a young Ishmaelite who had come out of a Trenton prison to plan a fresh burglary when, after an all-night argument, George persuaded him to try the steeper path. Seidel is still sorely remembered by the wastrels of his time in the Republic as its most Draconian night watchman. The kid studying with him in the picture was his own protégé, a boy who, at ten, held this State's record for juvenile burglary, a lone hawk who needed no Fagin and was on his way to the reformatory at Elmira when George filched him and, by a stroke of genius, entrusted his reclamation to Nigger Seidel. I am leaving his name out of this story because its publication would so annoy the fashionable and prosperous dentist he has since become.

Seidel is dead, and I suppose George never had a more soul-satisfying moment than when he reported to the prison officials at Trenton that, to the sullen boy's record there of turnkeys assaulted and unprecedented stretches of solitary confinement in the black hole, they really should add a paragraph about his eventual triumph as an engineer in the West, and about the memorial alcove in the library at Cornell endowed in his honor by his admiring classmates there.

ALL of which recollections were brought tumbling back to me by the sight of John L. Balderston's name on the program of "Berkeley Square." When this glamorous play by the London correspondent of the *World* was produced in England three years ago, a despatch about its success caught the eagle eye of the venerable George, who wrote me, with pardonable pride, that this playwright was an alumnus of the Republic. Naturally I was enchanted with that biographical item, and made mental note to publish it some time, with tremendous effect. Unfortunately, I never know when to let well enough alone. This time I was so careless as to investigate, and discovered that, as a tot, Master Balderston had not cracked so much as a single safe. When he was a boy of nine, his Quaker parents, infatuated by hearing Mr. George lecture, had merely sent him to the Republic for a visit that lasted no more than five months.

At that, the Republic's claim of having evolved Balderston is no more questionable than the usual complacency of an alma mater about her successful sons. What is blandly leaped over in such boasts is the ever present Post Hoc Non Propter Hoc pitfall. Thus, we know that Eugene O'Neill was enrolled in Professor Baker's course at Harvard, but before jumping to the conclusion that all fledgling playwrights should therefore be entrusted to the same pedagogue, we might first inquire how faithfully young O'Neill attended Baker's lectures, and at how many of them he was not too bemused to hear what dear teacher was saying.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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"As a mother substitute, you know, my dear, I find you almost perfect. But there's just one thing . . ."

"I *knew* Ruth Chatterton's Madame X would start you off about your mother. Her acting . . ."

"Her acting is magnificent, it is true, my dear, and her voice superb. But the thing that made me unusually conscious of this regrettable defect in you was her — er — "

"Don't repress the impulse to be frank, old thing. Her complexion *is* a knockout — and I bought a cake of Lux Toilet Soap this morning."

Ruth Chatterton is one of the great number of stage stars who depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skins flawlessly lovely.

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The fragrant gentleness of this delightful white soap is important to *your* beauty. And it gives you luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 a cake for just 10¢.

Among the first stage stars to enter the sound pictures was the charming Ruth Chatterton, with her list of triumphs in such plays as "Daddy Long Legs", "Come out of the Kitchen", and "La Tendresse." In her current film, "Madame X," her beautiful voice and remarkable acting are winning favor for the "talkies" from even the most stony-hearted skeptics. Questioned about her exquisite complexion, she says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap, and so softly smooth does it keep my skin that the great close-up lights can't find a single flaw!"

FOOTBALL

The Army Goes West—What Publicity and a Game Can Do—In the Calm of the Practice Field

WHEN a group of undergraduates travels almost a thousand miles for a football game, it's something of an undertaking. When they are West Pointers, it is also a military operation. Until 4:30 on Thursday afternoon the parade grounds have been placid and deserted in their setting of cold gray buildings. Then, suddenly, from somewhere, comes the sound of band music. The peace of the plains ends abruptly, and through a portal in the barracks pours the band, and behind it a blue-gray throng. To the civilian it is something of a surprise to see the cadets not even bothering to keep step.

They stop by the gymnasium. Two business-like buses are drawn up there. The cadets begin yelling, and between two buildings the noise reverberates in a huge, deafening echo. The players, very solemn, begin coming out of the gym and climbing into the buses. Frank Wandle, the trainer, is calm and methodical. He herds the players into the cars and walks over to some officers watching. The cadets are singing. Wandle shouts in the din, "Going along? Train leaves in ten minutes." The parade down the hill to the station starts. First the band, then the buses, moving slowly and braying with their strident horns, then the cadets, a sea of ruddy faces set off by the gold badges of the caps. The noise is tremendous. As the parade reaches the turn down the hill, five men in civilian clothes start down with them—Biff Jones and his assistant coaches.

The special is on the siding, expectant porters at the steps of each car; officers' wives on the station platform shout their goodbyes through the din of the cheering. In a few minutes everybody is aboard, and sharp on the dot of five, the train pulls out for the West.

BEFORE West Point has dropped out of sight, a lieutenant has issued printed cards. On one side are listed the numbers of the party; upper berths in one column, lowers in another. Even the newspapermen are assigned places. On the other side is the time schedule for each day of the trip, ending tersely with: "Sunday 9:30: Arrive West Point."

The players and coaches are in three cars ahead, the noncombatants shut off in the rear car behind the diner. The waiters of the diner grin a welcome as the men come in. For the past several years they have been taking West Point teams on trips, the same crew and the same diner, between journeys on the Twentieth Century. "I don't have to tell this crew anything," says Wandle. "They know exactly what is wanted." The dinner is soup, steak, and a big, boiled potato. At ten o'clock Wandle walks into the cars occupied by the team. "Wait a minute, Frank," says Cagle. "I'm just beginning to win." Wandle grins pleasantly and waits. In a minute or so he turns back. The players are in bed.

In the rear of the train the noncombatants are playing cards and talking. Jones argues football with Grantland Rice. The Army man who has scouted Illinois talks about that team. A poker game finally ends up with somebody owing somebody else fifteen cents. The porter sighs, perches himself on two stools in the brightly lit smoking-room, and miraculously goes to sleep.

AT a quarter to eight in the morning the sound of running feet passes and repasses the curtained windows of the sleepers. The division superintendent of the railroad is holding the train up seven minutes so that the Army team, attired in long track flannels, can run around the Bellefontaine, Ohio, station to limber up for breakfast.

Halfway through the morning, Biff Jones' head is seen leaning intently over a table in a stateroom; but he isn't working out last-minute plans of attack—he's concentrating on a game of

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dominoes while a roomful of people try to talk him into mistakes. The train arrives at Danville, twenty-five minutes away from the scene of action in Urbana. The team eats at a hotel, spends the afternoon using the high-school field while the high-school players stand in awe around the sidelines, spends an hour or two after supper at a special movie show in the hotel, and turns in at ten o'clock again.

On Saturday morning, with much horseplay, the cadets pile into motor buses and trail along behind a guiding car toward Urbana. Early in the afternoon, looking very lonely, they run through the entrance of the Illinois Stadium, and the crowd in the stands rises to shout them welcome. The horseplay and the loud talking have stopped. Nobody talks much. Only Wandle, still calm and imperturbable, walks among the players, humming a bit to himself.

Eleven of them gather in a little group around Jones. A whistle shrills, the group breaks and runs out to the spreading formation of the kick-off. For the first time since they left West Point they are all alone, on their own, with themselves to take care of and their own thinking to do.

•

THERE is always one part of a college town that is calm during the week before a "big game"—sometimes it is the only part that is calm—and that is the field where the coaches and players are preparing for the Saturday which is to be the most important one of their season. At any other spot in Princeton this past week, or in those sections of New Haven near the college, it is impossible to escape the national football hysteria in some form. Newspapers, coöperating with the suggestions of the Carnegie Committee, have plastered the trees and bulletin boards with assurances that their sheet has more of the real dope than the next one can offer; what space is left by the papers is taken up by announcements of bargain railroad trips to the game, or of subscription dances to follow it; restaurants put notices at the foot of their menus announcing that their dinners for that evening will be called "Yale-Princeton Dinners," and will cost five dollars instead of a dollar and a quarter. At the long counter in the front of the Yale Athletic Association offices, there will be an endless line of young men. In one corner an imperturbable Western Union girl takes a stream of tele-

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HAVE you ever suddenly desired a few days' vacation—to begin at once? Then come to Pinehurst, N. C. It's near enough* for a short visit if you're rushed—or a winter's stay if you have the leisure.

Outdoor good times are at their best. 5 famous Ross golf courses (new grass tees), riding, tennis, etc.

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To go to France at any time is good. But to go *now* is to avoid the tourist-mob . . . to see it at its lovely, leisured best . . . and at your own . . . to take advantage of its sunshine and its flowers, its smartest beaches at their smartest season.

There's the Côte Basque along the pounding Biscay . . . Biarritz, where the beret came from and the clever photographers go to snap the fashionables . . . St. Jean de Luz, Hendaye for golf . . . and then, across the Pyrenees where you stop for winter sports . . . the Côte d'Or and the Côte d'Azur, strung with resorts so many and so varied that all tastes are met . . . Marseilles, the greatest port in France, clustered about with beaches . . . Cannes, where the international set foregathers . . . Antibes, Juan-les-Pins, Nice, Villefranche, scene of the February naval Battle of the Flowers, Monte Carlo, where the battle is of wits.

Returning . . . there's the lovely, lazy Chateau Country . . . Chinon, where Jean d'Arc saw her King . . . Azay-le-Rideau, tiny but such perfect Renaissance . . . Langeais, pure Gothic and a fort, despite its flowers . . . Villandry of the gardens and the swans . . . Chenonceux, swung gayly out across the Cher . . . Chambord of the double spiral staircase . . . Chaumont where Catherine studied astrology while Diane studied men . . .

Information and literature on request

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grams beginning "Awfully sorry" or "Meet me at . . ." In an inner office, Paul Barnett, slightly flushed but still with his voice under control, says for the thousandth time, "Wish we could take care of you, but there isn't another ticket to be had, old man," and then patiently hangs up the receiver for a minute.

In these places, one feels that some nationally momentous affair is approaching with awful precision. It isn't until you wander up the street a bit that you realize once more the cause of it all is only a game of football. Art Palmer, the Yale centre, comes out of a doorway and looks down at you in surprise. "What are you up to, wandering around so soon?" You explain. "But the game's not until Saturday." Can it be that he doesn't realize its importance? But he must. He wants to know what you think of Saturday's game. You answer vaguely that it looks tough. "Gosh, they're all tough nowadays. Coming out to the field later? See you there."

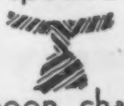
AT the field it's a bit difficult at first to recognize Mal Stevens, the head coach. Finally you spot him, by his low, lazy drawl. He has stopped a play and is talking to a back. "You lose effectiveness by stopping there. If you're faking, keep right on faking. Try it again, this way." He rises from one knee and trots through the player's rôle. There would be no mistaking him now. Not if you had ever seen that graceful, swinging stride in a game. You reflect again what a shame it was that Stevens played for Yale only one year.

Stevens drops behind the defending line and a stocky figure in a dark overcoat strides out from the side. It's Tad Jones. There will be drama now; the old coach is back again. He slaps Stevens on the shoulder and the pair laugh over some joke; a play starts, and you lose sight of them. Later Jones comes back, striding toward the

RECENTLY

our most unconscionable Man-About-Town, strolling through Central Park, West, with the problem of a spotted

or a striped



cravat for that afternoon, chanced upon a modest Miss

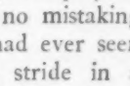
whose name he learned was Carrie . . . telephone number—*SEPtagon 0500*

That evening, after the theatre,

she asked for some **Breyers** Ice Cream.

She ate Chocolate,

Peach,



Vanilla,

and requested more

, which he provided delightedly . . thankful for the opportunity to satisfy *his* own craving for **Breyers** Ice Cream.

More people *enjoy* Breyers—and more dealers *serve* Breyers—than any other ice cream in the world. Taste it—and you'll know the reason.

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A de luxe all-Pullman 63 hour, no extra fare train with all the extra fare features—barber, valet, bath, maid and manicure. Leaves Chicago 8:10 P. M.

Other famous Union Pacific trains to California include the new 58 hour, extra fare Overland Limited; the 63 hour no extra fare San Francisco Limited; the Gold Coast Limited; Pacific Limited and Continental Limited from Chicago—the Pacific Coast Limited from St. Louis and Kansas City.

Make your next California journey even more enjoyable than the last—aboard the Los Angeles Limited or one of its fine companion trains.

Ask about California Escorted Tours — leaving Chicago January 18th and February 15th. The care-free, low cost way to see all the principal points of interest, including Yosemite Valley.

C. J. Collins, Gen. Passenger Agent, Dept. 382
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Please send me complete information and booklets on California ☐ California Escorted Tours ☐ Hawaii ☐ Death Valley — *California's unique winter resort* ☐

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

sidelines with four or five tickets in his hands. He gives these to a smallish man who has been asking you whether Princeton plays a seven-man defence or an eight. The man turns out to be Johnnie Field, one of the greatest defensive backs in Yale's history. "You only owe me five for those," says Jones. Field grins and winks. "I let him pick five games last Saturday and then took the other side."

So this is what the papers mean when they tell how the famous old players come back again for practice. Where are those story-book orations? The younger element doesn't go in for them any more. You wonder if anybody ever did to any great extent.

—R. F. K.

•

DATED

(BEING ONE OF THOSE BLACK MOMENTS WHICH OCCUR IN THE LIVES OF THOSE WHO WON'T ADMIT THEY REMEMBER THE WORLD'S FAIR)

When I was six I wore a ferris-waist,
A dull affair I buttoned up alone,
My mother was most elegantly laced,
And gasped behind a fence of herringbone;

At twenty I was fashionably choked
By collars curved in front and wired high
Beneath my ears, they being spoked
Like banisters which could not twist awry;

At twenty-five I stood in dumb despair
Bitter . . . disheartened to the very core—
I simply could not flop my sullen hair
Into a large, imposing pompadour;

At thirty all my locks were barber-shorn,
My ears became a myth . . . my legs appeared
(Unbeautiful, yet legs were being worn),
And mine were even worse than I had feared;

Today my last year's clothes are merely duds,
A swaying line of under-nourished things—
Will there be "wine-glass" waists . . . and solid pugs
Of hair . . . and bustles soon . . . and bonnet strings?

—PATIENCE EDEN

What the Well-Dressed New Money is Wearing!

Sleek and handsome as a fine thin watch . . . the new Bill-Tainer is as slender as it is smart . . *can't rip, buckle, or bulge*

TAILORED to fit—and styled as becomes its contents . . . a billfold thoroughly in keeping with the "graceful gesture of paying for things."

In keeping, too, with the modern tendency to safeguard against little annoyances that disturb a man's poise.

You'll never feel the Bill-Tainer bulking awkwardly in your pocket—*any* pocket. Vest or coat—or on the hip—it conforms perfectly. Thin as a modern watch . . . flexible as a woman's opinion. Simply can't "buckle" or bulge—due to its patented new construction.

Nor will you ever have occasion to hide frayed edges—ripped seams. This aristocrat of billfolds hasn't a stitch or a seam in it. Ingeniously *folded* together instead of sewed. Guaranteed not to give way at any point during the life of the leather—replaced free if it does.

Hand-wrought in every handsome detail—by the same craftsmen who created the famous Buxtor Key-Tainer.

Illustration shows the Bill-Tainer finished in Ostrich Inlay on finest calfskin—a distinctive new creation in leather goods. Priced at $10. Other fine leathers from $3.50 up.

If your regular dealer does not yet carry Bill-Tainers, write to Buxton, Inc., 409 Main Street, Springfield, Mass. In New York City, telephone WISconsin 5695.

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Last word in combined accommodation for bills, coins and cards. Small, flexible, easily handled. Clasp holds it securely closed. Made in several handsome leathers—$2.50 and up.

BUXTON BILL-TAINERS

Not a stitch to rip or tear

"...because you love nice things"

FIVE PARIS DRESSMAKERS BEGGED TO COPY IT!

She was ordering a wardrobe in five different Paris establishments, and being fitted over her good American Singlette*—(No. 9776). Each couturier asked if she would permit them to copy it; pronouncing the glove silk incomparably beautiful and practical; and the undergarment the most perfectly designed they had ever seen; unprocurable

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*an exclusive Van Raalte creation

THE WAYWARD WAYWARD PRESS

TO any of our readers who remember the remarks in the last *Wayward Press* but one concerning the death of Wilmer Stultz and the subsequent newspaper reports dealing with his having been reported "drunk," we recommend a reading of the following letter. We were under the impression that the stories of Stultz's being under the influence of liquor when he crashed had been inspired by the aviation authorities in an attempt to quiet the public mind after the series of accidents which had taken place on Long Island. Mr. Stuart's letter corrects this impression quite effectively and shows that, while the stories *were* inspired, the inspiration came from quite a different source and for quite a different reason.

—GUY FAWKES

•

Guy Fawkes, Esq.,
The New Yorker,

DEAR SIR:

THERE is a paragraph in your recent piece in The New Yorker that flicks *this* press agent on the raw. Withhold the cries of "Bravo!" until you peruse facts that must have been unavailable to you. This refers to your paragraph ending, "But the aviation authorities said that Stultz was drunk, and Stultz was dead, so why not."

In order: five minutes after Stultz's plane crashed, a boy, a queer sort of boy whom we subsequently found it necessary to banish from Roosevelt Field, was running about the wreck with a yarn that Stultz had been drunk when he took off. I had the infinite pleasure of grabbing this half-wit by the back of the neck and informing him that if I heard him make such a crack again I, personally, would knock his block off. He was smaller than I.

An hour later, after it had been discovered that the crash was due to one or both of Stultz's passengers getting their feet jammed under the rudder bar—we found one shoe actually so jammed—Colonel N. J. Boots planned with me and issued a statement attributing the death of Stultz and other good pilots to the fact that they ignored plain safety provisions, in spite of the fact that they were good pilots. You will find the statement in full in the New York Times of July 2, 1929. It

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THE *"Cavalier"* is happily situated just north of South and south of North. Winter is a transient guest, behaving with moderation, as a gentleman should.

You'll find the Out-of-Doors unlatched. Golf on a splendid course. Horseback riding through piny trails. A plunge in the tempered sea pool. Jovial flames in a great fireplace—as genial to the Outer man as *"Cavalier" cuisine* is to the Inner one.

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C. V. DELAHUNT
Managing Director

THE CAVALIER

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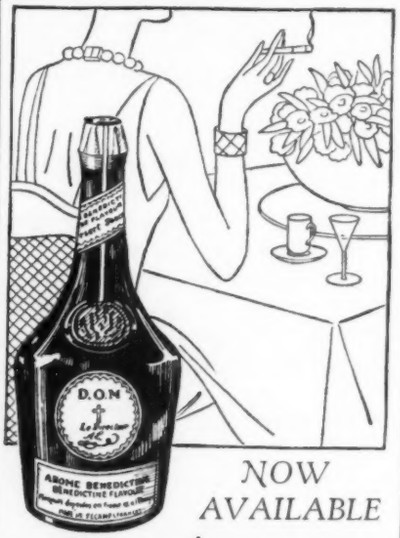

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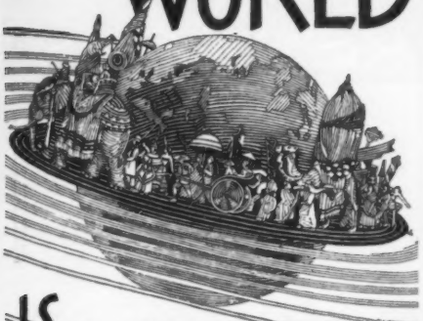

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ITS MYSTERY AND ENCHANTMENT UNFOLD BEFORE YOU *on*

"The Voyage of Your Dreams"

NATIVE hawkers sell India's treasures for a song . . . chrysoprase and curios, silks and saris. Resist them if you can! See lantern-lit Hongkong . . . with sampans scooting around like mad in a heavenly harbor. Step into another world . . . through the portals of Peking's Hall of Harmony . . . where gold dragons writhe on flaming pillars. Abandon yourself to the hypnotic beauty of Waikiki . . . in Hawaii's flower scented air. 33 countries . . . more places than any other cruise. Over 38000 miles . . . a lifetime's experiences in 140 days. All the luxury and cool comfort of the

RESOLUTE QUEEN OF CRUISING STEAMERS

on its uniquely planned 7th Around the World Cruise. Sail eastward . . . from New York January 6th, 1930, arriving in every country at the ideal season. An extraordinary program of shore excursions included in the rates—$2000 and up.

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makes absolutely no mention of drunkenness. It was the only statement issued by aviation authorities. It produced universally favorable editorial comment. Careful perusal of the rather complete dossier of clippings we kept of this incident reveals that nobody said Stultz was drunk until July 5. The evening papers of that day carried stories from a swell toxicologist in New York and a vigorous prosecuting officer in Nassau County, first, to the effect that a post mortem on Stultz's brain showed a high alcoholic content, and, second, that a determined drive would be made to close the speakeasies in the neighborhood of Nassau County flying fields.

That raised a lot of indignation among aviation authorities, for, so far as they were then able to learn—and the best evidence subsequently developed confirms this—Stultz was all that anybody could describe as sober the morning he took off. Much testimony to this effect was submitted to the Coroner's inquiry into the accident. The verdict said, "There is no evidence to show that the pilot was unable to fly." In the face of this verdict no further steps were taken by the District Attorney to press the matter before the Grand Jury, as he had said he would.

Not aviation authorities "said that Stultz was drunk": it came from those political sources which still believe that Mr. Chesterton's "wicked old ladies who feel well-bred" are political forces to be played up to.

The perusal of these clippings provides not only a clear defense of the aviation authorities against your charge, but an interesting comment on the great political fetish commonly called prohibition.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN MCK. STUART
Roosevelt Flying Corporation

•

THE LEADER

I was the first,
The head boy of the class.
Abbotts and Cabots
I was seen to pass
In later life
With bluer blood than mine;
And better brains
Took second place in line.
Mine was no spell
Nor any gift of gab
Gained me the place.
My name was Aaron Aab.

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

SMOOTH STUFF

LIFT the cap from a tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream—brush up with its foaming lather—and sweep the razor over your face. Smooth stuff—well, rather. Ask any man who uses it.

And shaving isn't only smooth-running with Squibb's. It's freshening and bracing.

You're due for a shaving surprise, if you've never tried Squibb's Shaving Cream. The first time you use it you'll find the razor doing a brand-new sort of jolly, rollicking shaving.

Start shaving with Squibb's tomorrow. All drug stores have it, priced very reasonably at 40 cents an over-size tube.

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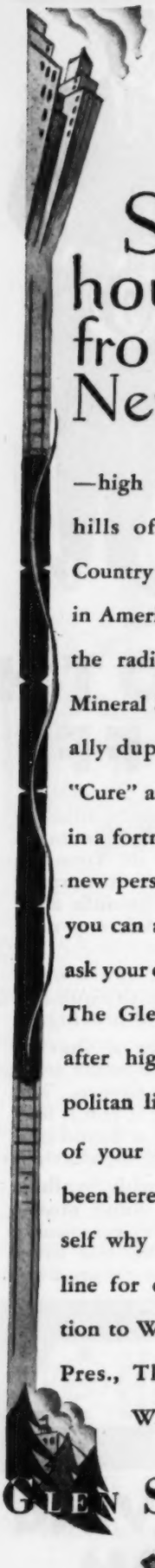
A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB



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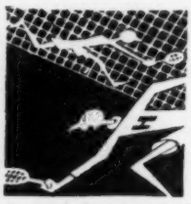
—high in the magnificent hills of the Finger Lake Country (and nowhere else in America, high or low) lie the radio-active Baths and Mineral Springs which literally duplicate the famous "Cure" at Bad Nauheim.... in a fortnight you can feel a new person .... in a month you can almost be one .... ask your own physician what The Glen Springs means after high-pressure metropolitan living .... ask any of your friends who have been here.... then ask yourself why you don't drop a line for complete information to Wm. M. Leffingwell, Pres., The Glen Springs, Watkins Glen, N. Y.

GLEN SPRINGS

THE AMERICAN NAUHEIM

COURT GAMES

A Rival for the Big Three—Default—What the Market Did



TWO weeks of squash tennis find the New York A. C. tied with the Columbia Club for first place. When you consider that they have won thirteen out of a possible fourteen games, the success of Rowland Dufton's pupils becomes all the more impressive. Moreover, not content with producing this aura of general excellence, they boast among their number a new and very luminous star.

His name is Harry Wolf; he graduated from Williams; he comes from Montclair, New Jersey, where he is known for his brilliant lawn tennis. A comparative newcomer to squash tennis, he has in successive encounters —and both times in straight games— defeated Milton Baron of the Fraternity Club, fourth ranking player in the first Class A ten, and Gavin Brackenridge of Princeton, who ranks sixth. This puts him in a position where he is the logical rival of the Big Three— Rowland Haines, of Columbia; H. R. Mixsell, of Princeton, and E. R. Larigan, of the Crescent A. C.

Incidentally, Larigan and George M. Rushmore, who is playing No. 1 man for Harvard, established something of a record on the opening day of the Class A tournament by taking fully an hour to play off their match. Three close games were required to prove Larigan's superiority, both men playing an all-around-the-court game that was a pleasure to watch. Larigan hit the ball harder than Rushmore, but relied less on force than he ordinarily does, mixing his shots to excellent advantage.

In spite of this defeat, Harvard won the match; the individual surprise of the day being the bout between Murray Taylor and B. H. O'Connor. Playing a crafty, cerebral game that seemed almost gentle in comparison with O'Connor's mighty slams, Taylor allowed his adversary only one point in the first game. In the second the score went to 15–12 before he won; O'Connor was more in form, but in the long rallies he was generally the first to

Handwritten at REUBENS

CLARA BOW:

your food is divine!!! Clara Bow

Oh, Reubenola, you envied of dishes, to be the favorite of Effervescent Clara Bow, world monopolizer of "it".

HARRY HERSHFIELD:

—and Spaghetti Caruso à la Reubens, Mr. Hershfield, is (you said it) a double pleasure.

NOEL COWARD:

With my best wishes

Noel Coward

Bitter or Sweet, whatever your taste, Reubens will satisfy it with epicurean delights as varied as Mr. Coward's innumerable talents, a few of which you may now find glorifying anew for Mr. Ziegfeld right around the corner from our Madison Avenue tavern.

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Always Open: Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre

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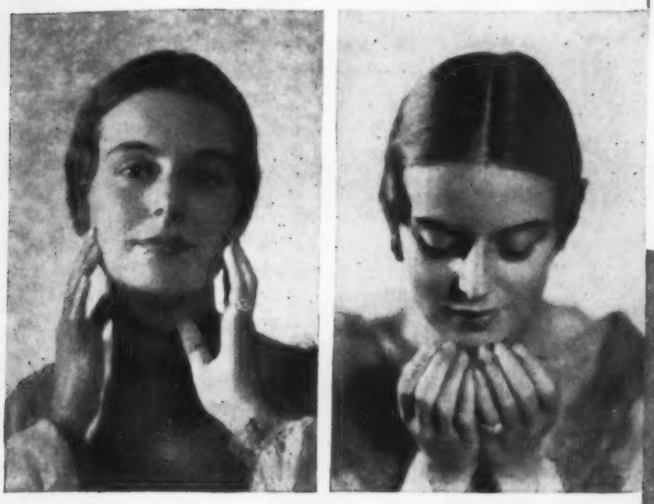
from a sandwich to a National Institution

FIRST – wash the years away–



Actually as simple, as swift, as startling as it sounds . . . with nothing more than this famous new cream—and plenty of cool water. For after years of research, Pinaud has compounded in this one silken cream elements that set to work like a whole corps of swift deft experts . . . cleansing . . . suppling . . . toning . . . then washing away *with all the clogging, aging accumulations gathered from your skin . . . literally washing the very years themselves away—*

now–not just a powder-coating but an invisible film of beauty which is you!

Now — *without* astringent, *without* additional powder-base — a touch of Pinaud's new Powder — that almost incredible powder specially blended for your individual type of skin .. prepared — not in one gradation, but in *two*: Type 1, for the skin inclined to oiliness, Type 2, for the skin inclined to dryness. The result? At the first touch of your puff Pinaud's powder imparts — not just an obvious powder-coating, but an exquisite invisible film ... so clinging, so enchantingly a part of *you*, you will never want any other powder to touch your cheek. Never, never have you looked so radiant — your skin so delicately brilliant, so velvet-smooth. And — since who knows better than Pinaud the requirements of the busy woman of today? — this new loveliness will last and last — indoors, outdoors — incredibly, indefinitely

Try both of these amazing new achievements by Pinaud before another day is past. You will find both Pinaud's Cream and Pinaud's Powder at your favorite drug or department store.

Pinaud
PARIS · NEW YORK

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OLD GOLD

changed the nation's smoking

HABITS

THE SMOKE SCREEN THAT KEEPS OUT THROAT DANGERS

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...BECAUSE YOU *NEEDED* A COUGHLESS CIGARETTE

Play the "cold" season safe. There's danger in the "throat-scratch" and roughness that let colds start . . . But there's no danger in OLD GOLD . . . There's smoothness, cleanliness, and wonderful flavor. Smoke as many as you please. OLD GOLD'S pure, specially blended tobacco soothes and pleases. Let it tell you OLD GOLD'S story . . . pleasure plus protection, wonderful flavor plus throat-ease . . . Change to OLD GOLD today. For this is OLD GOLD weather.

Better tobaccos make them smoother and better . . . with "not a cough in a carload"

On your Radio, OLD GOLD — PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR. Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, every Tuesday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

tire. Time after time he was hit by the ball.

THE subsequent defeat of Johnny Jacob's protégés at the hands of Columbia has done little to dim the lustre of this Crescent-Harvard affair. Last year's champions did not have such an easy time vanquishing last year's tail-enders, several of the individual matches going into extra games. Rowland Haines was in mid-season form, hitting with tremendous power. No other player has his stamina, and Rushmore, who is by no means as young as he looks (he graduated from Harvard in 1913), could do nothing against such unflagging energy. The match between Gardner Hirons of the home team and G. B. Woods of Harvard was a great deal more exciting. With games at 1–all, and the score 8–14 against him, Hirons staged a magnificent nine-point rally that gave him the match.

Jerome L. Kerbeck, captain of the Columbia team, occasioned some surprise by attending in the rôle of spectator. He explained that he had caught cold at a football game and didn't feel like playing. Confident that the superiority of his men would save him from such a fate, he made an agreement with Murray Taylor that he would play only if a tie developed. Otherwise he would default—which he gratefully did.

THE career of Yale in the squash-tennis world this year has been very, very sad. In the opening match with Princeton, they failed to win a single game, in spite of the fact that they had six Class A men to their opponent's three. Against the Crescent A. C. they showed some improvement, but were again defeated. The secret seems to be that what with the recent alarming condition of Wall Street, Lafforgue's disciples have, up to now, completely failed to do any practicing —although, for that matter, there is no reason to assume that New Haven produces any more brokers than Princeton. —G. T. H.

•

Last evening the program lasted a full hour. All varieties of news reel made their appearance. Ishbel MacDonald talked for a few moments. B. C. Forbes urged everyone to buy stocks, and Charles M. Schwab said that industry was sound. —*The Sun.*

When Charles M. Schwab says industry is *not* sound, that will be news.

A glimpse of New England on East Eightieth Street

THE apartments at 133 East 80th Street will have a lovely view. South and southeast they will look down upon a charming New England Colonial church. Southwest they will overlook private houses recently built by well known New Yorkers. Only nineteen families can live in these delightful apartments. From 6 to 13 rooms—simplex and duplex, including three special apartments occupying an entire floor each, and a 13-room duplex in which the seven principal rooms face the south. Rosario Candela is the architect—Calvin Morris Corporation is the builder. 100% co-operative, with prices that are very modest. To be finished next summer.

133 EAST 80th STREET

BROWN, WHEELOCK, HARRIS, VOUGHT & CO., INC.

Selling and Managing Agent:
14 East 47th Street
Wickersham 5500

THAT WAS NEW YORK

ITEMS FROM THE PRESS IN 1776

News:

NEWS from Lexington that a se'nnight ago, the British troops, numbering 1200 men marched into Lexington and fired on 30 of the Inhabitants innocently practicing the manual exercise, as usual before breakfast. Without the least provocation they kept shooting at them for fifteen minutes, killing six and wounding several. The Victims of this stood their ground and did not return the fire.

About twelve o'clock last Saturday Night, Mr. Charles Nicolls was knocked down and robbed at his own door in the White-Hall by three genteel looking men of two dollars in cash. They attempted to take his watch but the string breaking they missed their aim.

On Monday arrived at Dover, the POLLY, and the MARY, both from New-York. They have brought over a number of the most capital families who have left New-York on account of the troubles that subsist there.

Wednesday General Wooster & the Officers of the Connecticut Forces dined at Mr. Samuel France's in THE FIELDS where an elegant Entertainment was provided and the following toasts were drank:—

1. The King,—better counsellors to him.

2. General Washington & the Army under his Command.

3. May the Ennemies of America be turned into salt-petre and go off in hot blasts.

4. The Daughters of America in the arms of their Brave Defenders ONLY.

&c, &c, &c, till 27 toasts were drank.

Mr. Sedwitz's exculpation of himself with regard to two or three Chimneys that lately took fire came to hand too late for this Day's paper, being lengthy.

Education:

PRINCETON. The Annual Commencement of the College of New-

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GOTHAM CHRONICLE.

A WELL KNOWN and public spirited Citizen arranges A PARTY to witness THE BURNING of ANTHRACITE Coal in the parlor grate.

(1823)

Beauty in Semi-Precious Stones

BIRDS of the air and beasts of the field have taken shape and form in semi-precious stones at Ovington's. There are lamps, bookends, vases and ashtrays... in rose and emerald quartz, white and green jade, cornelian, agate, amethyst, lapis lazuli and aventurine. Splendid gifts, every one!

OVINGTON'S

"Gifts from all over the World"

FIFTH AVENUE AT 39th STREET

Telephone: Caledonia 8700

A Million Miles From Worry

AT beautiful Sea Island Beach, down among the "Golden Isles of Coastal Georgia," you are not only a million miles from worry but where there's everything to make it *a healthy, happy "hobby-land" for every member of the family*—with all the comfort, luxury and club life for which the beautiful new Hotel Cloister is famous.

Unlike any other playland in the world! Health, relaxation, rest, fun —in a *wholesome homelike atmosphere* —and as smart as it is accessible! Direct Pullmans.

Hunting on a 60,000 acre preserve —deer, wild turkey, quail, waterfowl. Golf (velvety grassy greens), horseback riding—romantic trails, motorboating—miles of waterways, sailing, yachting, fishing, aviation, tennis, archery, bowling-on-the-green, 5 miles of perfect beach, Roman pool, trapshooting, motoring, miniature golf course, dancing, bridge, hundreds of points of historical interest —*everything* to do, or *nothing*.

SEA ISLAND BEACH
GEORGIA

"Where Indian Summer spends the Winter"

Hotel Cloister, Cloister Apartments and Homelike Cottages form a delightful Winter colony. Many permanent homes are also being built here.

Write for beautifully illustrated brochure

SEA ISLAND CO., Sea Island Beach, Georgia

New York Office, 522 Fifth Ave. (Room 416) Phone Vanderbilt 7860
Chicago Office, 32 N State St. (Room 601) Phone Central 5945
Detroit Office, 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg. (Room 2188) Phone Cadillac 2680

Jersey was held in this town yesterday. The Assembly which met upon the occasion was numerous and polite and expressed great satisfaction with the performances of the young gentlemen who were admitted to the honors of the College. The Entertainment was conducted in the following order.

Prayer by the President.

A Latin salutatory oration, de LUXURIA, was pronounced by Mr. Charles Lee.

Mr. James McCree as respondent and Mr. John Blair as opponent held a forensic dispute on the following subject:—"Truth is never to be violated from any prospect of advantage or proposed necessity."

An English Oration on the NATURE & PERNICIOUS EFFECTS of LUXURY was next delivered by Mr. John Springer.

This was followed by forensic dispute in Latin on this highly interesting subject "Est lex naturae et gentium qua reges et nationes, quantum vis inter se disjunctae, obligantur." In this Mr. Arnold Kelzey was respondent and Mr. William Claypole, opponent.

The valedictory oration on "Magnanimity" was then delivered by Mr. John R. B. Rogers.

Prayer by the President, as usual, concluded, and the elegant Assembly retired highly pleased with their Entertainment.

In Wall Street, No. 10,
Mrs. Cozani re-opens her Boarding School on Monday the 24th instant, where is taught the English, French & Italian languages grammatically; also to write and translate one language into the other; to draw and paint Embroidery, Tambour, Dresden, Plain Work, Blond Lace, Gold & Silver Card Purses, and several other genteel and fashionable Works. Ladies are boarded and taught all the above articles at 40 pounds per year.

A peculiar attention is paid to the Morals & Manners of the Ladies, to bring them up in the Paths of Piety, Modesty & Virtue, as also in every other accomplishment which compleats the Gentlewoman.

William Hulett gratefully sensible of the many favors he has received from his friends in the course of a twenty year residence in this City begs to inform them that his school in Broad-Street, no. 12, is now reopened.

In Musick—The Violin, Guitar, & German Flute.

Just see them!

"APARTMENTS OF THE FUTURE"

SIMPLEX, DUPLEX, TRIPLEX
7 to 14 Rooms

With winding stairways, terraces, loggias, wood-burning fireplaces —even private conservatories.... The art of living raised to a higher plane—but not the rentals!

Ready for immediate occupancy.

784 PARK AVE.
CORNER OF 74th STREET

Renting Agents
Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc.
15 E. 49th St. Plaza 9200
Bing & Bing, Inc. Builders

DRAGON SMOKERS

TO those who appreciate that there *is* an aftermath to smoking — these Dragon Smokers lend instant appeal. The tip-lid deposits ashes in the bowl—forming a smoke-tight seal, extinguishing smokes automatically.

Attractive in design and striking in color. Several models on display at leading furniture and department stores.

Write for circular N with prices and colors.

from the
SCROLL ART STUDIOS
BRIDGEPORT··· CONN.

In Dancing—(according to present Taste both in London & Paris)

THE LOUVRE
MINUET
MINUETTE DAUPHINE
RIGADOON
BRETAGNE
THE COTILLON
THE ALLEMANDE
DOUBLE MINUET
MINUET BY EIGHT
HORNPIPES
& English Country Dances.

Society:

GENERAL GAGE's Lady & Family, with a number of other People are sailed from Boston for England.

Yesterday arrived here on the way from Virginia to Cambridge the Lady of General Washington.

We hear that Dr. Franklin has lately been honored by the Infanta of Spain with a present of a volume of his WORKS beautifully and magnificently printed at Madrid.

Yesterday Mr. Paul Revere passed through this City on the way to the Continental Congress.

Yesterday arrived here from Philadelphia on his way for the Camp in Boston, General Washington.

By letters received from Boston we learn that there is no less than three German PRINCES upon their travel INCOG. in New-England.

Advertisement:

NOW FIRST IMPORTED TO AMERICA
THE BLOOM OF CIRCASSIA.

IT is alleged that the Circassians are the most beautiful women in the world—however they derive not all their Charm from Nature. A Gentleman long resident there in the suite of a person of distinction well known for his travels through Greece, became acquainted with the secret of the liquid bloom, extracted from a Vegetable, the produce of that Country, in general use there with the most esteemed Beauties. It differs from all others in two very essential points. First, it instantly gives a rosy hue to the cheeks not to be distinguished from the lively and animated Bloom of rural Beauty. Nor will it come off by perspiration nor the use of a handkerchief. A moment's trial will prove it is not to be paralleled. For sale at the shop of Hugh Gaine.

Also, Mrs. Gibson's innocent LIQUID which changes red or grey hair to a beautiful brown or jet black and is as harmless as oil or water. It is used to infants without the least fear

This new tuxedo shirt by Manhattan has the new narrow, short bosom

One of the important style notes in evening dress is this open-in-the-back shirt with the shorter, narrower bosom. It has two stud openings and has a fine piqued surface

The acceptance of this shirt by men who set the styles, is no doubt due in a large measure to its starched elegance and negligee comfort

FIVE DOLLARS

The fold-over collar and narrow pointed end tie are being worn by men who set the style pace for America

Wallach Brothers

BROOKLYN NEW YORK NEWARK
JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND

Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

America's
Air Lanes
lead to
Jacksonville
NEW modes of travel...new world markets shifting and re-focusing with popular demand... modern business trends, lightning swift in acceleration. Change! OPPORTUNITY! . . . . . Jacksonville, focal point of Southeastern America, Gateway to Florida and to the growing markets of a great empire along the South Atlantic Seaboard, offers a logical distribution center for commerce, for industry, for agriculture . . . . . Transportation facilities...air, rail, highway, water... meet at the commercial cross-roads of a new world of business...at Jacksonville. Join in a new industrial awakening! Investigate Jacksonville! . . . .
JACKSONVILLE
Believers in
Jacksonville
An association of representative business men, incorporated for the single purpose of community advertising. Affiliated with Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce.

or danger. Sold in bottles by Hugh Gaine.

N. B. The Venetian Paste—so well known to the Ladies for enameling the Hands, Neck & Face of a lovely white. It renders the most rough skin smooth and soft as velvet and entirely eradicates Carbuncles and all other Heats in the Face or Nose, and Cracking of the Lips at this time of the year. Sold only by Hugh Gaine at 6s. per Pot.

FOR SALE:

JUST come to hand, neatly colored, an exact view of the battle at Charles-town on the 17th of June, to be sold by Hugh Gaine, price 7s. 6d.

FOR SALE:

SERVANTS. Just arrived from England to be sold on board the ship York, lying near the Ferry Stairs, among which are gardners, farmers, bakers, shoemakers, housekeepers, a Cook, &c. For terms apply to Captain Ackland on Board.

REWARD:

A REWARD of forty shillings will be paid to any Person who will apprehend the indentured Irish Servant, Catherine Fitzgerald, who formerly lived with Daniel Sickles. She absconded last October and is said to reside in some of the houses of ill fame in the suburbs of this City.

LITERARY:

THE Almanack of this year, just published by Hugh Gaine, containing:

1. A very comical, humorous and entertaining adventure of a young lady that used to walk in her sleep.
2. How quarrels on slight occasions often produce fatal consequences.
3. The evil consequences of Sloth & Idleness.
4. Certain Rules to Succeed in our Affairs which if properly attended to will be a never failing Ladder to Honour, Wealth & Popularity.
5. The whole process of making salt-petre.
6. The bad consequences of Lying.
7. A method for Destroying caterpillars in Trees.
8. An Ode on Delay.
9. Maxims on Love.
10. A cure for the Gripes in Horses.

With many other Matters Useful & Entertaining.

—DAVID BOEHM

(This is the first in a series of eighteenth-century newspaper clippings. A second will appear in an early issue.)

MOTORS

Jersey Justice—Marmon Is Big Again—Those Long Island Mazes

WE, who like to feel that the fellow in the next car is Our Neighbor, are distressed by some new tricks of the Law which are being practiced in New Jersey; namely, the concealment of traffic officers in Buicks. The plan is a simple one and helps fill the coffers of many a rural justice:

The traveller along the state highway may note a sedan to the rear. The sedan almost catches up, almost passes, doesn't pass. It continues this playful game until the traveller becomes impatient and steps on the gas. The pursuing car then pulls alongside, and its driver shows a badge.

We are informed that this foxy method of trapping wayfarers was invented in Los Angeles, and we are prepared to believe it. We prefer, though, the old system of the roaring motorcycle, swooping with dramatic zest. Besides, the sedan-cop looks too unctuous, and can ply his trade with as little sportsmanship as fishing in a stocked pool. Possibly the Jersey populace will rise in protest, possibly the change in motor-vehicle administration will bring a reform; meanwhile, we shall stay away until they give the customer an even break.

COLD-WEATHER knicknacks are more plentiful than in other years. For a time the public was satisfied with the standard gadgets that came with every car, and even now the department stores carry virtually no accessories. Recently, however, the Cadillac La Salle radio wiring and the Dodge Brothers' Transitone radio set have encouraged a host of novelty-makers with devices supposed to turn the car into something like a travelling apartment. One may now purchase an exhaust-cooker which fits on the right rear bumper and is supposed to provide hot dogs and coffee for a football or skating party. It is called the Kysor Car-Cooker, made by the Kysor Heater Company, Cadillac, Michigan; any sporting-goods store will order it for you. Prices $22.50 and $27.50.

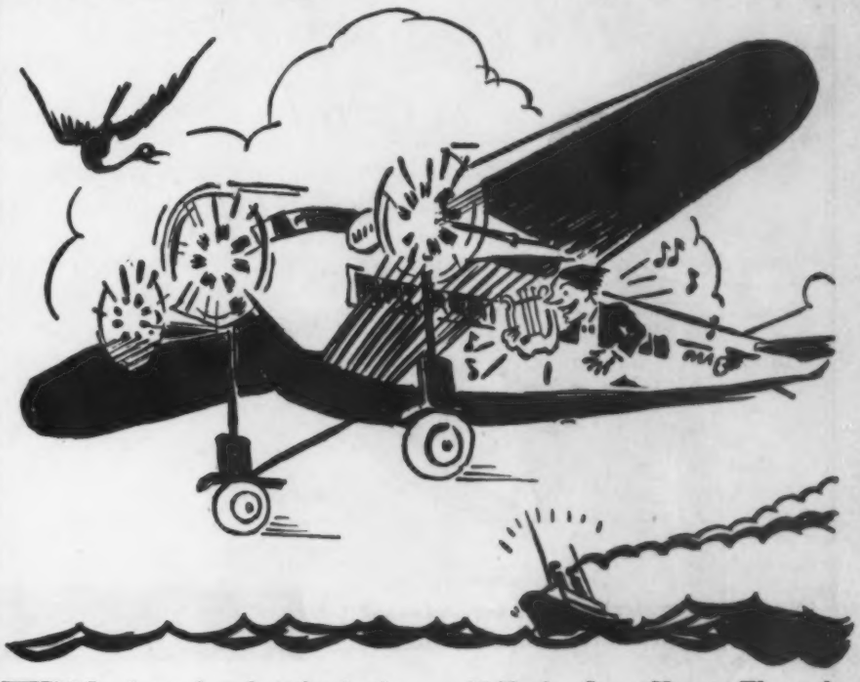
IN spite of the new silhouette in gowns this fall, the motor modes are still

American

KIPLING SMITES LYRE in Praise of Water Wings

Havana is an ancient town—
I love it.
Where bets go up and drinks go down—
I love it. How I love it!
But I, a slave to *mal de mer*
The bouncing wave could never bear,
I now reach Cuba through the air
And love it. Gee! I love it!

—by Uncle Sam Kipling



WELL phrased and enthusiastic verses, those, but not so clear on some details as they might be. Hence we add a few prosaic notes on Pan American Airliners.

They sail from Pan American Airport in Miami daily in ever increasing numbers to accommodate the increasing flock of sympathizers with our Aged Bard. Several go to Havana. And if you prefer to land under the flag of old England (God Bless Her!) there are daily trips to Nassau. Either trip takes about two hours.

And the airliners themselves. You won't believe it until you try one: Two pilots . . . radio operator . . . steward service . . . seats that make you sigh with content . . . wide aisles . . . clear-vision windows . . . modern toilet facilities . . . and the decorations! Wait till you see them!

If You're In a Hurry: Through Rail-Air Service daily with six of the nation's finest trains.

from **NEW YORK** —39 hours to Havana and Nassau:
Havana Special .... Lv. 6:50 p.m.
Everglades ..... Lv. 10:20 p.m.
Florida Special .... Lv. 8:35 p.m.

from **BOSTON** —43 hours to Havana; 44 to Nassau:
Everglades ..... Lv. 4:30 p.m.

from **CHICAGO** —(44 hours to Havana; 45 to Nassau) and principal cities of Michigan and Ohio:
Flamingo ..... Lv. 10:00 a.m.
Dixie Limited ..... Lv. 2:00 p.m.
Floridan ..... Lv. 2:45 p.m.

from **ST. LOUIS:**
Dixie Limited ..... Lv. 4:00 p.m.
Floridan ..... Lv. 6:20 p.m.

These trains provide daily through service with transfer at Miami to Pan American Airliners for Havana and Nassau. Thrice weekly service to airports through the Indies to San Juan. Seven Airliners daily from Havana—one daily from Nassau—for homebound travelers. Information, rates, reservations, at principal railway ticket offices.

PAA

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York City

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

DOBBS

Correct

Riding

Attire

DOBBS ENGLISH ROOM—suggesting the pleasant atmosphere of an English country lodge—is the modern sportswoman's headquarters for correct riding accoutrement.

Habits, breeches, coats and jodhpurs of exceptional character, ready to wear or custom-made.

Shirts, ties, stocks, sweaters, gloves, crops, whips, sports jewelry and other riding requisites. Dobbs felt riding hats, derbies, and Dobbs innovation, the colored derby for the smart equestrienne.

In riding accoutrement as in hats, the signature of Dobbs is the Seal of Authority.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET

primarily sporty. Hudson is emphasizing some new roadsters in autumn-leaf shades. Another influence popularizing the outdoor type of car is the Isotta-Fraschini. As in the case of Hispano, this house is especially successful in its outdoor and semi-convertible models. Castagna of Milan is the coachmaker for this firm, and his high-sided carriage with shallow windows suggests the insouciant fashion of Continental boulevards rather than Anglo-Saxon formality. Castagna, incidentally, was one of the pioneers in using the type of molding now favored by Cadillac and Nash. Instead of the straight-line effect, there are peaks in the band at the windshield base and at each window post. The Isotta chassis sells for $11,800 in New York. You can suit your own whims in dictating the style and maker of the body.

WE are more than a little agog over the fact that Marmon is bringing out a big eight again. For years, the high hoods of the Marmons gave a special dash to the appearance of the roadsters. Then the price list went democratic, and while the cars remained good, we yearned for the more expensive days when the Marmon could be owned only by a few.

The new eight—to sell in New York for close to $3,000, we are informed—was designed along the ample lines of the old big eight, but is more sophisticated in body and equipped with the latest engineering notions. The motor, for example, has a double-combustion chamber. The spark plug starts an explosion in the first chamber, or foyer. That sets up uneasiness in the main room above the piston head. When the actual explosion reaches this main chamber, hell breaks loose. That all makes for more power, the engineers tell us. The transmission has four speeds and the car is 202 inches long from bumper to bumper. The carburetor is a duplex model and is equipped with a fuel pump.

Times have changed since we had the simple lines of the old Marmon. The new one has doors in the hood instead of ventilating slits. The wide chromium shell of the radiator rises to a peak. There is a broad Frenchy molding under the windows. Paris traditions have triumphed over Indianapolis, and all for the good.

AN East Sider who drives frequently to Connecticut tells us that our recent directions explaining how the

Lucretia Vanderbilt suggests her luxurious aids to beauty...

EACH of these luxurious toiletries is delicately scented with Lucretia Vanderbilt perfume. And each is encased in a lovely container of rich blue and silver . . . designed by a Parisian master . . . and fully worthy of its precious contents.

A PERFUME . . . intimate, seductive, daringly youthful . . . extracted from rare flower oils that, like old wine, have been aged for years. In two sizes: $7.50 and $10. Refills: $4 and $6. In my new purse size, encased in soft leather: $2.50.

A FACE POWDER . . . soft as mist . . . made from a formula once reserved for French and English royalty . . . and only recently rediscovered by me. In White, Ochrepink, Rachel and Natural. Price, with downy velour puff, $3. Refills with puff, $1.50.

A DOUBLE COMPACT . . . fluffy powder in four flattering shades . . . rouge of satiny smoothness . . . and an unbreakable mirror. When opened, the thin metal case discloses its entire contents to view. Price, with metal mirror and two wool puffs, in sheepskin case, $2.50. Refills of each item, 50¢.

A TRIPLE COMPACT . . . Identical with my double compact . . . except that a dainty lipstick is included. Price, $3. Refills of each item, 50¢.

A LIPSTICK . . . chic and witching . . . in Light, Medium, Dark and Sunbrite . . . the last-named changing upon application from orange tint to vivid red, depending upon skin texture. Price, $1.00. Refills, 50¢.

GO to the retailer who displays the Lucretia Vanderbilt poster . . . and there, for twenty-five cents, you may have a Miniature Presentation, which includes a dainty flask of perfume and a powder compact.

The easiest way is to use the Postscript below. Or, if your dealer's supply has been exhausted, just mail Postscript and quarter to Lucretia Vanderbilt, 118 Grassmere Avenue, Fairfield, Connecticut, mentioning dealer's name and address, and shade of powder preferred (Natural or Rachel).

Lucretia Vanderbilt

POSTSCRIPT TO RETAILER:

Madame is entitled to one of my Miniature Presentations of 50¢ value for 25¢. Kindly give her every attention.

*Customer's Name*_____

*Address*_____

N. Y. Nov.

The QUEEN who LOVED HER HUSBAND

PERHAPS unjustly, popular opinion has it that royal couples of bygone centuries were consistently inconstant—but history has no page of domestic simplicity and happiness to exceed that of Queen Marie Amelie and her husband, King Louis Philippe of France.

Midst trying political intrigue, they with their four children, retained a degree of marital bliss which was, and is, an inspiration to the generations that followed.

The Queen who loved her husband was a woman of great personal charm. She was ever attentive to the details of her person. Her perfumes were made expressly for her by the Parisian, M. Francois Lubin, and she thought so highly of his artistry in distilling rare flower-odeurs, that she acknowledged him publicly as her appointed Parfumer.

The same Parfum Lubin which accentuated the charm of Queen Marie Amelie, is the delight of those women who recognize that the mystic, elusive quality of especially distilled odeurs most truly expresses their individual charm.

L'OCEAN BLEU . . . is one of the most entrancing of the exotic Parfums Lubin. It whispers the romance of balmy breezes, and lazy suns on broad blue oceans—and breathless moments under shady palms. This delightful odeur may be secured at the finest shops.

1° Patent of Parfumeur
To the Court of Queen Marie Amelie of France

To-day the eleventh April of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-four, Her Majesty MARIE AMELIE, Queen of the French, being at the Palace of the Tuileries, has granted and grants to M. LUBIN P. F., Paris, the Patent of Parfumeur of his Royal Highness M. the Duke of Aumale, and of His Royal Highness M. the Duke of Montpensier, authorizing him to take the title and to place it in front of his house. As a testimony of her will, the Queen has ordered the drawing of the present Patent which she has signed of her own hand and which she had countersigned by myself, secretary of the Commandments of Her Majesty. MARIE AMELIE
For the Queen
OUDARD

Parfumerie **LUBIN** Inc.
6 WEST 48th STREET NEW YORK CITY

West Side resident can get to Westchester and beyond are the best for everyone, no matter what part of town he lives in. St. Nicholas Avenue, the Speedway (then Nagle Avenue, 207th Street bridge, Fordham Road) and Webster Avenue to the Bronx River Parkway are his favorites, because there are few traffic lights, and relatively few cars.

We also have some good tips about Long Island, which is a fairish place for motoring now that traffic is modified for the winter season. If you are bound for the North Shore, turn left on Second Avenue (the one with an "L" line) after crossing Queensboro Bridge. After a block or two of this, you can cut over to the parallel street on either side if you don't like "L" pillars. Keep on in a northerly direction until you reach Graham Avenue, just this side of Broadway. Turn right on Graham until you reach Northern Boulevard. This is a roundabout way to the Boulevard, but it avoids much of the bad construction near the bridge. If you are going no further than Roslyn, keep straight ahead until you come to your turn-off (the crossroads are well signposted). For Stony Brook, Huntington, or even for Oyster Bay, it will pay to cut over to Jericho Turnpike as early as possible. This wide straight concrete stretch saves actual mileage for any point beyond Smithtown, and is a time-saver in any event. To reach this going east from Flushing, turn right on Kissena Avenue seven blocks, then left on Sanford Avenue three blocks, then right on Parsons Avenue eight blocks to Forty-sixth Avenue, *alias* Rocky Hill Road. Keep ahead on this for about two miles to Springfield Boulevard. Turn right for about a mile and a half until you reach Braddock Avenue (also known as Rocky Hill Road). Braddock, within several blocks, leads to Jericho Turnpike.

All this may sound a bit involved, but after you work it out the first time it's easier than anagrams.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

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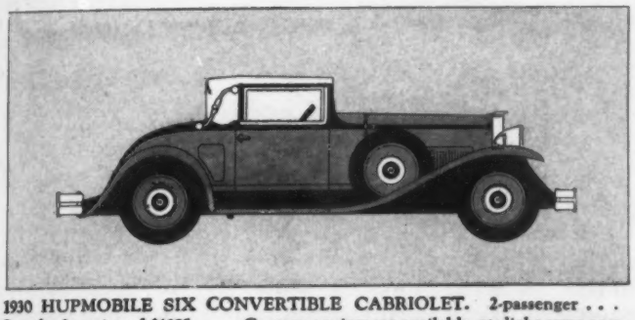
SMALL FARM—Close town. New house, never been occupied. Four rooms and bath. (Bath fixtures not installed.) Plenty brook and spring water. Can be piped into house. Gas and electricity near by. Can be had if wanted. Ten and six-tenths acres all tillable. Here is your chance to get away from punching a time clock.—*Fairmont (W. Va.) Times.*

Might take it along, though, for a few parting jabs.

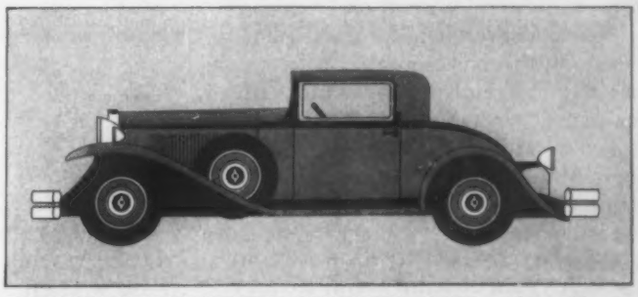
REVOLUTIONARY

The new 70 horse-power Hupmobile Six
The new 100 horse-power Hupmobile Eight

Hupmobile has a 21-year reputation for crashing through the barriers of custom and advancing the standards of motor car value . . . Now, when motorists are accustomed to expect certain limits of performance, power, and beauty at a given price, Hupmobile breaks through these limitations by presenting two cars that give . . . Not the *expected* power, but abnormal power . . . Not the *regular* speeds, but extremely high speeds . . . Not the *conventional* body designs, but entirely new and modern creations of harmonized beauty. Not the *usual* easy-riding qualities but a new 1930 manner of traveling; restful, luxurious, ultra-smooth and vibration free . . . At prices that completely revise all standards of motor car values.



1930 HUPMOBILE SIX CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET. 2-passenger . . . Standard equipped $1075 . . . Custom equipment available at slight extra cost.



1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT TWO-PASSENGER COUPE, with rumble seat, Standard equipped $1595 . . . Custom equipment available at slight extra cost.

1930 HUPMOBILE SIX FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN . . . Standard equipped $1060 . . . Custom equipment available at slight extra cost.

1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN . . . Standard equipped $1595. Custom equipment available at slight extra cost.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE SIX

70 miles per hour . . . 70 horse-power. Acceleration from 5 to 25 miles per hour in 7 seconds; 5 to 50 m.p.h. in 20 seconds . . . The famous Hupmobile engine improved with counterweighted crankshaft. 4-wheel Hupmobile steeldraulic brakes . . . A big car, 50½ inches across rear seat, 49 inches across front seat . . . more leg and head room . . . Smartened by cleverly tailored sheet metal and sweeping fenders of the new French type . . . Prices f. o. b. factory.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT

80 miles per hour . . . 100 horse-power. Acceleration from 5 to 50 miles in 16 seconds . . . The first motor car ever designed by which a single style motif is used throughout, presenting a unit of harmonized beauty . . . Dual elimination of vibration by counterweighted crankshaft and vibration damper . . . Oil delivered under pressure to 46 points in engine . . . New hydraulic shock absorbers, deep cushions, greater spaciousness and comfort. Prices f. o. b. factory.

THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE
SIXES AND EIGHTS

VAN ALSTYNE MOTOR CORPORATION

1871 Broadway, New York City, COLumbus 7660 . . 1231 St. Nicholas Ave., New York City, BILlings 5240 . . . 1294 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, PROspect 9941

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

FOR a long time all of us have known pretty thoroughly the nefarious designs Paris had upon our accustomed fashions this season. After many years of idle threats, the danger became so real that hysterical letters denouncing the unsanitary quality of long skirts began to deluge the press; preachers ascended the pulpits and burst into harangues to the effect that emancipated American womanhood would never go in for trailing and messy wisps around her ankles after the "sensible" attire of recent years. (Do you remember the uproar when that "sensible" attire first came out? It is not tactful of you to remember.) All theories and speculations may now be cast aside, however, for the smartest women have assembled their winter wardrobes and, attired in them, may be observed placidly munching at the Colony and at Pierre's. To this fairly observant eye, it must be admitted the new fashions for daytime aren't quite as startling as was anticipated. Six months from now, hoodlums should still stare as occasional ankle-length dresses parade up Fifth Avenue, for the best people are wearing them at a moderate length. Moderation always being a little dull after the first novelty has worn off, I wouldn't be at all surprised to see daytime skirts go back into short lengths after this tentative excursion. Hems that swish right at the middle of the calf are not very becoming to most legs. The evening dresses probably will continue to be eccentric, though my own experience with a train which you forget to pick up, so it is stepped on and the back of your dress is practically pulled off at intervals, will be greatly instrumental in making me avoid such extremes another season. The threatened pajamas-for-evening vogue has failed to materialize, however eagerly hailed by smart department stores in search of a novelty. For informal entertaining at home, many hostesses wear lounging pajamas, but guests arriving in them are certainly headed for a costume party later.

The most alluring of the new fashions—the molded silhouette that tenderly outlines the natural figure in one way or another—is decidedly going to stay, or there will be scenes and tears and carryings-on around here. The great difficulty, of course, is finding underpinning for molded lines which will give firm support and, at the same time, plenty of actual freedom of movement, suppleness of appearance, and unbroken lines. The girdle that everyone has been wearing—a little hip affair—creates a faint but perceptible rubber-tire mark at the critical natural waistline. The familiar type of all-in-one garment, consisting of a straight brassière turned into a girdle, was dandy when the belt was at the hips, but gives a clumsy and ironclad thickness through the diaphragm that adds pounds to your appearance in new clothes.

THE lingerie department at Bonwit Teller is justly famous for its quality in all directions, and particularly

"You can also use that suit for making parachute jumps."

It has the slender Princess line and is a smart example of this season's vogue for Persian Lamb.

It is beautifully supple and is perfectly matched to shade from pale silver to dark gray.

"Vogue" put it in their September 28th issue as an ultra-smart example of this winter's flared coat.

The little matching muff makes an amusing ensemble. Coat and muff, 1250.00.

THE GRAY PERSIAN LAMB COAT

that our smartest young clientele is wearing

Jay-Thorpe

24 WEST 57th STREET

THE speediest PATH BETWEEN BREAD AND TOAST

Give the new GIFT that GIVES

What a corking companion the Edicraft is. Morning after morning it gives— and gives—and gives until even the most insatiable toast appetite is appeased. Unlike most companions the Edicraft can be neglected. Without a sulk this fast worker goes right along taking the two bread slices you indifferently hand out and automatically turning them into crisp, evenly browned toast. When the toast is finished, the Edicraft obligingly keeps it hot until you are quite ready. This easy-to-run toaster is a champion for speed. Two slices at once— browned on both sides at once—rate the Edicraft several jumps ahead of its field. Made by Thomas A. Edison, Inc., a name associated with unusual quality in electrical products.

TRADE MARK Thomas A. Edison, INC., ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

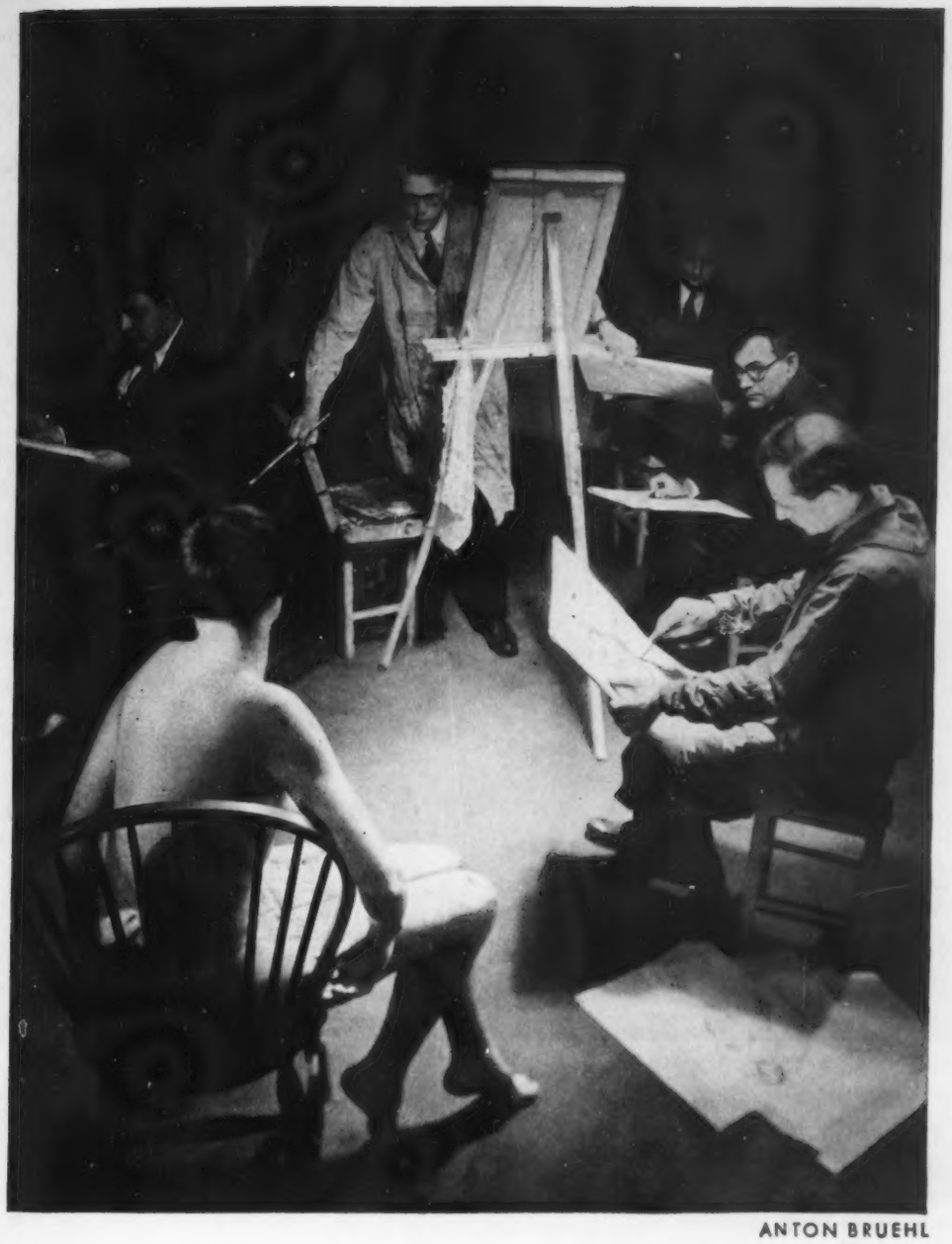
Edison Radio Program
Every Monday Evening

Edicraftspeed Toaster

THE double-SLICE.. double-SIDE.. double-QUICK TOASTER

so in its corseting; for the girdles, though made in Paris, are beautifully fitted to the individual by an expert here, so that décolletages may be as low as you like, boning as heavy or as light as you crave, and a made-to-order effect achieved in general. One exclusive feature of this department, which has long been the joy of the large woman who dreaded discomfort and riding-up of her necessary support when she sat down, is an all-in-one combination or step-in girdle with the satin panel in front arranged in three sections in such a way that it breaks comfortably at just the right spot in front. This is of heavy satin, with elastic panels at the sides, and is called the Neva-Slip—three guesses why.

They are doing all kinds of things here with little brassières of lace, either uplift or modified uplift, having a band about three inches wide of lace net or crêpe de Chine attached at the bottom. This band gives unbroken lines down above the top of the girdle, and can naturally be adjusted so as to produce that slim-diaphragm effect we are all out to achieve. Some of these have garters attached, if you like. The short girdles, which may or may not have lacings part way down the sides, are of elastic so fine that it crumples up like a handkerchief. They are cut to hug the thighs closely and are full-fashioned and seamless, coming to a point about two inches above the natural waistline in front. In back, they are cut as low as you desire. They may be in light or heavy elastic, combined with satin crêpe de Chine, or whatever the demands of your figure suggest, and they are nearly as comfortable as your own skin—possibly more so. They all have discreet boning near the top, so that the girdle will not roll



ANTON BRUEHL

When you ask of an artist, "Is his work sincere?" you need not go much further. It is impossible to produce good work with tongue in cheek, and this is just as true of painting or sculpture as it is of the fashioning of any utilitarian article. We do not say that the tailoring of a suit of clothes is an art, but we maintain that the best clothing is made by men and women who love their work, who respect it and who are not ashamed of the product of their minds and hands. Tailor Guild clothes are made in Rochester exclusively for Weber and Heilbroner by such craftsmen, and we believe that no ready to wear clothing in America can approach it for grace of design and beauty of execution. Fifty Dollars and upward.

THE WEBER and HEILBRONER SHOPS

With the new HOOD RAINTOGS

no one need ever stay at home for bad weather

Raintogs are washable. If soiled by mud or grease they can be quickly restored to their original appearance by simply washing with ordinary soap and water.

WHAT if it is beginning to snow! Where once we allowed the vagaries of weather to wreak havoc with our plans, today it is merely a matter of suitable clothes . . . *and footwear.* Miss a game for a November cloud?

We should say not.

And the new styles, dictated by people who refuse to remain indoors, have such generous endowments of good looks and comfort. These new Hood Raintogs, for instance. They are an entirely new development in stormy weather foot protection . . . different from any protective footwear you have ever seen.

Raintogs have been patented by the Hood Rubber Company and are sold only under the Hood trade-mark. They are made of an attractive suede-finish material in a variety of shades that make ensemble harmony merely a matter of selection. Light as a feather on your feet, they fit perfectly and at the same time are absolutely waterproof.

Raintogs are made in all sizes and in various widths and heel heights which insure perfect fit for all types of modern shoes. You'll find these fascinating new waterproof, washable Raintogs at all the best shops.

The Raintog Oxford with Talon fastener illustrated here is but one of the several styles of oxfords, sandals and galoshes.

HOOD RainTogs

Made only by
HOOD RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
Watertown, Mass.

down and will keep the diaphragm flat.

Besides all of these, there are some perfectly marvellous all-in-one evening combinations—some of satin with hand-threaded Alençon lace making a deep petticoat-length ruffle at the bottom; some of crêpe de Chine, for very slim figures, with inserts of fine elastic if you need them; and so on. The brassières built into these are usually of the modified uplift type; the body of the girdle is carefully molded to give your natural waistline full credit; most of them have ruffles at the bottom and chemise straps—the whole effect, particularly considering the fact that the purpose is practical, is frivolous and feminine.

FOR a long time after entering Mme. Collart's new lingerie shop, at 581 Madison Avenue, I had a strange, lost, unfamiliar feeling. These days you seldom see an entire collection, like this one, of lingerie which is dainty, alluring, feminine, and yet, at the same time, ladylike. It is almost unprecedented, what with the whole town either going in for masses of lace, or for the severe tailor-made type of thing that allows not the slightest coquetry whatsoever. Mme. Collart's things are all made for her in France, and the workmanship and the materials are of the very best. She has a tremendous stock in all sizes, so that almost anyone may be fitted exactly. The styles are so very simple that alteration is easy. In Paris, Mme. Collart discovered that, among clients of real chic, the very dark lace which has been the rage for so long is démodé—she uses cream color, or the faintest pale beige shades in her laces, and prefers real Binche and Val laces to the very much overworked Alençons. These she uses in moderation—an edging an inch and a half wide on her nightgowns and chemises, instead of whole sections. There are no eccentric dashes into lurid styles; the lingerie is moderately priced for this type of thing, exquisitely made, very feminine, and in beautiful taste without being in the least stodgy. A rare treat these days.

THOSE of you who may have fractured your ankle or something, as has been the unfortunate lot of a member of this department, might

• •

Royal Crown Derby, rich in colors—cobalt, rose and gold.

Dinner or Service Plates.	*$200. doz.*
Entrée Plates.	*$175.* "
Dessert Plates.	*$150.* "
Bread and Butter Plates.	*$115.* "
Tea Cups and Saucers.	*$190.* "
After-dinner Cups and Saucers.	*$175.* "

The Royal Road to China Leads Straight to Plummer's!

ROYAL CROWN DERBY is truly a regal possession! Since 1780 its production has been limited to Royalty and a few of the connoisseurs of England and America. Now, however, come royal tidings for lovers of rare and beautiful china. The famous Royal Crown Derby pottery is reproducing for Plummer patrons some of their oldest and loveliest patterns. The workmanship is not only exquisite, but blending of fanciful colors unequalled, we believe, by an other china in the world. Thanks to modern methods, too, the output of this quality china has been sufficiently increased to bring Royal Crown Derby within the reach of a greater number.

Thus the House of Plummer again brings to its patrons the unusual. It pays to shop at Plummer's, for along with the standard lines of world famous potters, we also have creations made exclusively for this establishment, and *unobtainable anywhere else in America.* Indeed, a gift of china and glass from Plummer's signifies a desire to more than ordinarily honor the recipient.

Those visiting New York should avail themselves of the assortments covering five floors, one of which is devoted entirely to Antiques. For those who cannot call we have an efficient mail order service.

Wm. H. PLUMMER & Co. Ltd.

IMPORTERS OF

Modern and Antique China and Glass

7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York

Near Fifth Avenue

NEW HAVEN, CONN. 954 Chapel Street

HARTFORD, CONN. 256 Farmington Ave.

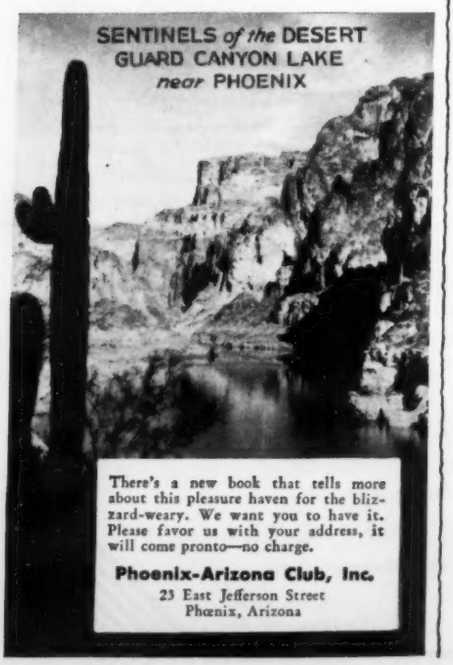
Calm Yourself ▾▾▾ Horatio!

Sad it is, but true, the time-honored custom of the 'nineties, by which tenderfeet from the East were initiated with a six-shooter dance, has been abandoned in

PHOENIX
ARIZONA
The New Winter Playground

ARIZONA is still the home of cayuse and coyote . . . the last fortress of Western habits and hospitality . . . but there's also a *New West* with not a thing lacking in the amenities of modern merrymaking.

Charming people from far cities have found the latest word in new resort hotels . . . golf, polo, hunting, fishing and guest ranching facilities. People with tastes akin to yours are finding Phoenix a magic city in a vastly mysterious desert land of history, romance and vivid scenic contrasts.


SENTINELS of the DESERT
GUARD CANYON LAKE
near PHOENIX
There's a new book that tells more about this pleasure haven for the blizzard-weary. We want you to have it. Please favor us with your address, it will come pronto—no charge.
Phoenix-Arizona Club, Inc.
23 East Jefferson Street
Phœnix, Arizona

be delighted to know that Jay-Thorpe are showing enchanting bed jackets of white bunny, for picturesque laziness, at $89.50. An item for your Christmas list, or just for fun. —L. L.

FIRST AID FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

DURING the past two weeks, these dear columns have been devoted entirely to gifts that must be ordered well in advance to insure timely deliveries, and now we are trying to list everything else we can think of that should be arranged for long before the avalanche of ready-to-give things descends upon us. Better keep your list and please don't telephone us.

So far we've discussed:

November 2 . . . Christmas cards, advance orders on fitted cases for men and women, monogramming of all kinds, and boxes.
November 9 . . . Photographers—for adults and children, lingerie to order, rare books and bindings, prints and pottery, frames and framers.
And this week:
Secretaries and shoppers, page 78
Caterers, page 79
Entertainers, page 80
Radios and musical instruments, page 82
Animals and their accessories, page 84

SECRETARIES AND SHOPPERS

THE paragraphs to follow are calculated to supply expert help for everything from addressing envelopes to arranging a party for little Gertrude, who had the bad taste to be born late in December and put everyone to vast inconvenience thereby.

DUTTON, 681 Fifth Avenue, Plaza

THE DELICIOUS DISHES made famous by old Delmonico's are served at the new Delmonico.
Luncheon · Dinner
The DELMONICO
Park Avenue at 59th

Personal Appearance of
RUDY VALLÉE
AND HIS CONNECTICUT YANKEES
At His Beautiful Supper Club
VILLA VALLÉE
"10 EAST" 60TH STREET
Supper and Dancing
FORMAL
RESERVATIONS PHONE 'JEAN' VOLUNTEER 0351

MISS L. BROGAN, INC.
500 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK
NEW ORLEANS PALM BEACH
Exquisite Frocks for Children
Suitable for portraits and miniatures. Dresses for dancing school and all occasions executed by the well-known needlewomen of New Orleans. Layettes, sweaters and knitted suits, carriage sets. Unusual gifts for the new baby.

FLORIDA .. in 23½ Hours

WHERE joyous people seek new scenes, tropical fruits and blossoming flowers; where winter becomes summer almost in a day. Florida's beaches await you. Splendid golf courses challenge your skill. In the deep waters and the silent forests fish and game abound. *Florida is Florida!*

"THE EVERGLADES"

Fine new train leaves Pennsylvania Station, New York, 10:20 p. m. daily. Exceptional through service to the East and West coasts and central Florida. Also from Miami to the West Indies via Pan-American Airways.

8 other fast through trains daily during season via the double-track sea-level route.

Mr. B. F. FULLER, A. G. P. A.
8 West 40th Street, New York.
Telephone Lackawanna 7080

Atlantic Coast Line

The Standard Railroad of the South

Ask for "Tropical Trips" Booklet

7400: New Executive Service Department provides secretarial help that includes shopping, tickets to Europe or to "Sweet Adeline," budgeting, and so on.

HOSTESSES, INC., 578 Madison Avenue, Wisconsin 4249: Will arrange parties and clean up the morning after; wash the dog and chaperone the subdeb; replace the enraged cook at an hour's notice, shop for harassed gentlemen or ladies and send the gifts, charmingly wrapped, to the recipient.

AMELIA A. JOHNSON, 170 Broadway, Cortlandt 0738: A specialist in the art of shopping.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE FOR WOMAN'S WORK, 541 Madison Avenue, Plaza 2330: Home secretarial workers, many with a knowledge of the *Social Register*.

FOR part-time secretaries and amanuenses of all types (or maybe you want permanent ones), consult Martha Maynard, 425 Fifth Avenue, Caledonia 0260; The Part-Time Bureau, 105 West Fortieth Street, Pennsylvania 2934; Vocational Bureau, also at 105 West Fortieth, Pennsylvania 5389; or the Central Branch of the Y.W.C.A. at 610 Lexington Avenue, Wickersham 4500.

CATERERS

THE list below offers a few suggestions, personally investigated, that should help to solve the problem of last-minute worry about parties.

ROBERT DAY, 170 East Seventy-third Street, Butterfield 5013: Can do an entire party or just furnish extra assistants. Excellent service, cooking, and decorations.

DEAN'S, 22 East Fifty-seventh Street, Regent 3900: That old reliable house as good as ever.

FANTOZZI, Sixth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, Circle 2284: Another old firm, especially noted for its wonderful ice creams. Regular party food also.

HENRI, 40 West Forty-sixth Street, Bryant 6917: Good for sending food anywhere, plus home catering.

JEAN, 435 Park Avenue, Plaza 7589: Catering done in the Park Avenue manner.

LONGCHAMPS, 1015 Madison Avenue, Butterfield 9016: Sends and serves its deliciously cooked fresh food.

MARESI-MAZZETTI, 103 West Forty-ninth Street, Circle 2070: Fine cakes; good catering service.

GUSTAVE OHLSON, 131-66 228th Street, Laurelton, Long Island, Laurelton 3329: Privately trained butler, will

Hang Your Wish on a Tropical Night . . . Cunard-Anchor West Indies Cruises include New Year's Eve in Havana . . .

The Old Year pelted out with tropical flowers . . . with Spanish music . . . Parisian verve holding carnival on a lazy lilting tropic sea . . . A new way of wishing . . . a new way of feeling . . . Sidewalk cafés on the Prado . . . dropping into the Sevilla Biltmore . . . dancing and supping at the Marianao Playa . . . the dawn coming up in a singing burst of saffron . . . Isn't that a fair exchange for the same old whistles . . . the same old bells . . . the same old hanging out of the same old draughty window . . . ? Other and just as provocative cruises of 9, 12, 16, 18 and 26 days . . . all exemplifying the Cruise perfection identified with Cunard . . . luxury plus comfort in appointments and equipment . . . stewards who valet you . . . restaurants with the Cunard flair for epicurean surprises . . . Cheaper than staying at home.

VARIED ITINERARIES INCLUDING

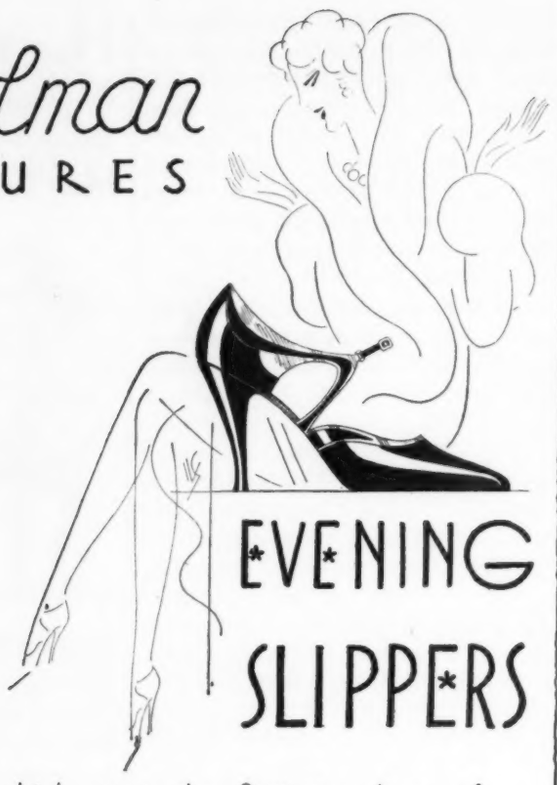
San Juan, Santiago, Santo Domingo, Port-au-Prince, St. Pierre, Fort de France, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra, Curacao, Colon, Kingston, Havana, Nassau, Bermuda.

Sailing Date from New York	Steamer	Duration of Voyage	Min. Rates
Dec. 3, 1929	s. s. Franconia	16 days	$200
Dec. 18, 1929	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Dec. 21, 1929	s. s. Franconia	16 days	200
Dec. 26, 1929	s. s. Caronia	8 days	175
Dec. 27, 1929	s. s. Carmania	9 days	175
Jan. 6, 1930	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Jan. 16, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Feb. 15, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Mar. 15, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	18 days	200
Apr. 12, 1930	s. s. Samaria	12 days	175

See Your Local Agent

CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES

Delman
FEATURES



EVENING
SLIPPERS

. . . slippers which carry the flattering lines of a frock to triumphant success! Delman's latest evening models are distinguished by their aristocratic slenderness—in the spirit of the new and graceful mode . . . many made in fabrics to be dyed to match one's dress—new high heels—exquisite new sandal types . . . all made entirely by hand.

Delman Shoe Salon

558 MADISON AVENUE Bet. 55th & 56 St. NEW YORK.

WASHINGTON • PALM BEACH • MIAMI • SOUTHAMPTON

either supplement your own plans or will handle everything himself. Particularly noted for his knack with punch ingredients.

Miss Virginia Schoonmaker, 317 West Eighty-third Street, Endicott 0792: Good home-made dainties.

Sherry, 300 Park Avenue, Plaza 0200: Better hurry for Sherry's unexcelled service.

ENTERTAINERS

REALLY ingenious hosts, who either want to do something extra for their guests or have the sneaking suspicion that the guests have no entertaining possibilities within themselves, all know that performers in night clubs, in vaudeville, on the stage, and in public life generally, are not in business for their health. Such good performers as Libby Holman, of the Lido; the Johnstons, of Barney's; Keating, the magician, from the Casanova; Jack Powell, the trap-drummer, from the County Fair; and countless others, may be asked directly to appear at private parties.

Miss Frances Rockefeller King, at 1560 Broadway, Bryant 5228, can secure for you white or colored entertainment and is particularly equipped to provide Keith acts. For orchestras, such people as Leo Reisman, of the Casino; Coleman, of the Montmartre; Ben Bernie, Larry Siry, Meyer Davis, Whiteman, and so on will send you excellent dance orchestras and can be induced, by charm or what have you, to send the maestro along for at least part of the evening. All are in the phone book. For the best colored orchestras in town, call on Lee Posner, 45 West Forty-fifth Street, Bryant 6160. Phone them early.

Hostesses, Inc., 578 Madison Avenue, Wisconsin 4249: Included in their service is providing entertainment as well as relieving the hostess of all the other details of a party.

The Party Mart, 574 Madison

Ged Collar Pin. *Sets evenly on collar.*

Ged English Close Fitting Collar Pin. *Either Model. 1/10 Gold 14 K. 1½ or 1¾ in. $1.00; 2 in. $1.25*

Ged "Smart" Collar Pin *with space for tie to set in. 1½, 1¾ and 2 in. 1/20 Gold 10 K. $1.00; 1/10 Gold 14 K. $2.00*

Ged Quality Marked Jewelry is featured by particular shops. If not at yours, order direct. Ged Gifts for Men Illustrated Folders mailed on request.

GED MFG. CO.
Two Maiden Lane, New York

HAVE YOU EVER

. . . considered the buying power of 30,000 prominent men and women of the select clubs of New York, listed in their latest edition?

CLUB MEMBERS OF NEW YORK
358 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.
Publication Office, 225 West 34th Street
Wisconsin 2827

now that it can be mentioned

In the best circles . . . ***delicate, feminine throats are guarded against "Smoke irritation". . . charmingly modulated voices are kept clear from "Huskiness". . . the mouth freed from "Smoker's Breath"*** **. . .** ***by the daily use of*** **GLYCO Thymoline.**

Lady Nicotine imposes a penalty upon her newly found friends. Fastidious femininity faces a new problem. Delicate throats, unhardened to smoking, must be guarded against irritation. Voices must be clear from the taint of masculine huskiness. Last and not least, daintiness dictates a mouth free from tobacco breath. Just water or merely scented mouth washes will not accomplish all this.

Women everywhere have found the daily use of GLYCO Thymoline a pleasant solution to this problem as well as a healthful precaution.

GLYCO Thymoline does not sting or bite. Its action is mild and effective. It quickly relieves soreness . . . that dry, tickling feeling in the throat. It sweetens the breath, deodorizes the mouth and washes away tobacco and food particles. It keeps your voice clear and normal. If you use GLYCO Thymoline you are sure to be on the safe side. At all druggists. *Kress & Owen Company, New York.*

GLYCO THYMOLINE

Play at Summer Sports On a Foreign Isle In the Tropics

GOLF on seaside courses—surf bathing on coral tinted beaches — tennis on clay courts — yachting on iridescent seas—big game fishing—exploring the former haunts of famous buccaneers — dining and dancing to the strains of modern symphony—these pleasures and many more, enhanced by the colorful romance of old world environment, are yours to enjoy all winter long in Nassau. Convenient to reach—inexpensive — you should plan to spend at least a part of your vacation in this gay British colony. Direct steamship lines from New York and Miami. Sixty hours from New York — two days from Bermuda—overnight from Miami. Passenger airplane service from Miami daily. No passport required.

For information and literature, address:

Munson Steamship Line, 67 Wall St., New York, or Columbus Hotel Bldg., Miami, Fla.; Canadian National Steamships, Montreal, Canada; Florida I. I. S. S. Line, 321 E. Flagler St., Miami, Pan American Airways, 122 E. 42nd St., New York, or Columbus Hotel Bldg., Miami; All offices of Thomas Cook & Sons, or the Development Board, Nassau, Bahamas, B. W. I.

NASSAU BAHAMAS Isle of June

Avenue, Plaza 8444: An ingenious firm of specialists, who will transform a home or a hall into a race track, a circus tent, or anything you like, and arrange place cards and favors, surprises of all sorts, and attend to catering.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE, Plaza 4000: Have an entertainment bureau, sponsored by the Junior League, that will arrange everything for parties; under the supervision of Mrs. Robert Littell and Mrs. Eleanor Cotton Burden.

FOR CHILDREN'S PARTIES

LENETTE FRIEDLANDER, 68 East Eighty-sixth Street, Butterfield 6467: Arranges all sorts of entertainments for children, furnishing marionettes, clowns, story tellers, Punch and Judy shows, movies, or anything you favor.

SUE HASTINGS' MARIONETTES, 1947 Broadway, Trafalgar 6963: One of the best; puts on charming performance.

CHARLES NAGLE, 538 East Eighty-ninth Street, Rhinelander 0592: A magic man well beyond the rabbit-trick average. Children adore him. Also mind-reading and psychic tricks for grownups.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE, Plaza 4000: Mrs. Madeleine Snyder arranges as much or as little as desired: decorations, games, refreshments, entertainment.

Come to think of it, any of these would be perfect for one of those adult baby-party things. I shudder at the mere thought. —L. L.

RADIO SETS

SINCE last year, when (as now) our own musical expert bestowed the benefit of his wisdom on this column, at least one innovation has changed the map of the radio wilderness. It is the

3 EAST 77th STREET
RENTAL SECTION
960 Fifth Avenue

Designed for simplified housekeeping and pleasurable entertaining.

Three and four room suites with hotel conveniences and complete housekeeping facilities.

Management of
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. Inc.
15 East 49th Street Plaza 9200

Dine . . . . . .
amid the soft, bewitching beauty of Old Spain
at SEVILLIA
the famous
ALICE FOOTE MacDOUGALL COFFEE HOUSE
50 West 57th St., N. Y.

Open 8 A.M. to Midnight
for BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON - DINNER
AFTER THEATRE
SUPPER

The Spanish Singers entertain every evening from 6:30 to 8:30 ...on Sundays from 6 to 8:30.

Private rooms...The Attic, The Wine Cellar, Alhambra, and The Peacock Room...may be reserved for large or small parties.

RONEY PLAZA HOTEL
MIAMI BEACH FLORIDA
One of America's most distinctive Ocean Front Hotels
OPEN THANKSGIVING DAY TO APRIL 20

screen-grid. Just what this does I am not perfectly sure; but a radio gift this year should boast this new feature. The old wail about current difficulties is still rending the musical air. You can't go wrong by putting your problems up to Landay Brothers, Wurlitzer, Walthal, Davega, or any one of a number of other reliable firms which will install the thing and hold its pulse until it functions perfectly.

These are a few names to bear in mind when you buy, their prices varying from the two-digit to the many hundreds: American Bosch, Atwater Kent, Brunswick, Colonial, Crosley, Earl, Freed, Graybar, Kellogg, Kolster, Majestic, Philco, Radiola, Sonora, Stromberg-Carlson, Temple, Victor, and Zenith.

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

THE two old graybeards of the electric-phonograph industry are still the easiest to buy, install, exchange, and get records for: I refer to the Victor (now the new electric Victor-Radio, and a mild sensation) and the Columbia (equally distinguished in its amalgamation into Columbia-Kolster). Victor and Columbia control the recording of most of the good symphony orchestras and soloists in the world; the general exception being the foreign-made discs which are available at the perfectly marvellous Gramophone Shop, at 47 East Forty-seventh Street, and at the Associated Music Publishers, 140 West Forty-second Street. Among the places where the stocks are otherwise complete are Landay Brothers (all stores) and Wanamaker.

For a list of new concert records worth buying, look on page 100 of this issue.

PIANOS

IN general, the pianos you are apt to consider as gifts would include: the Baldwin, Mason & Hamlin, Hardman, Weber, Kranich & Bach, Knabe, Steinway, and—if your love and regard know no bounds—the Bechstein, for which Wanamaker is the sole agent in the United States.

If you buy a reproducing piano, you have your choice of three apparatuses: Ampico, Duo-Art, or Welte-Mignon. Certain standard makes of pianos contain one or another of these three movements; the Welte-Mignon comes in its own piano but could, if necessary, be installed in another. The Duo-Art unit comes in the Steinway, Weber, or one or two other instruments; the Am-

It stays on . . . for the whole day. You can forget your coloring with Angelus Rouge Incarnat on lips and cheeks.

You Cannot Feel it..for there's nothing but color on your lips!

Louis Philippe, Parisian colorist and creator of Rouge Incarnat, studying the coloring of Judith Anderson. "See," said Miss Anderson, "I always have Rouge Incarnat in my make-up box. I use it off-stage and on because I cannot feel it on my lips—and it lasts so long."

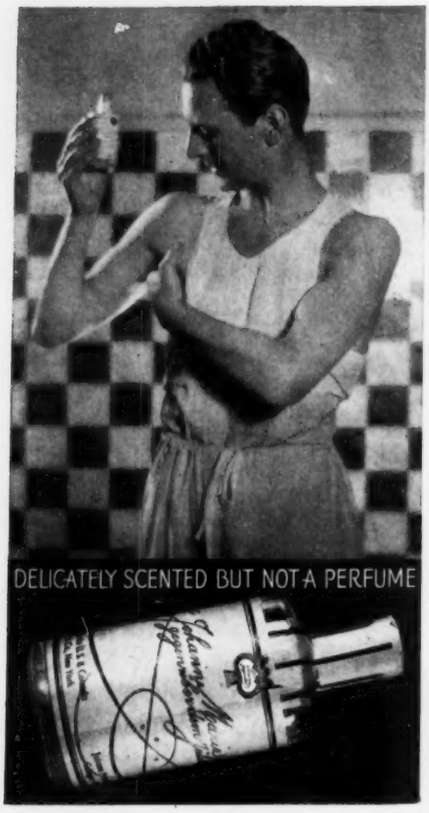
This amazing rouge gives exquisite color without substance which dries on lips

Amazing smoothness
Un velouté surprenant que
you cannot feel—airy
vous ne pouvez pas sentir
as a kiss of crimson
—délicat comme un baiser
sunlight, Angelus Rouge
ensoleillé, le Rouge Incarnat
Incarnat is the new color
Angélus est la couleur nouvelle
for lips and cheeks. Gives
pour les levres et les joues. Donne
a natural tint blending with-
une teinte naturelle se mariant sans
out residue to dry and cake. A
résidu qui puisse sécher et durcir.
wide variety of tints including
Une grande variété de teintes, la vôtre
yours. Waterproof and indelible.
y comprise. Impermeable et indélébile.

ANGELUS
Rouge Incarnat
LOUIS PHILIPPE, Inc.
247 Park Avenue, New York City

In the "Little Red Box", 75c . . . Lipstick, $1.00

Only two men know its SECRET



SO carefully has its secret formula been guarded, Farina's Red Crest Cologne has never been duplicated since 1709. Neither has its surety against perspiration odors, nor its invigorating stimulation.

For three centuries, Continental men and women of exacting personal standards have relied on this quick freshener to prevent the whisper of perspiration. Farina's is not only an unfailing protection but also a luxurious rub-down and valuable astringent. It most certainly should be on your bathroom shelf.

At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

Now! A really luxurious Shaving Lotion

Soothes—smooths—heals the nicks. As fine as the cologne which forms its base. Ask at the better shops for *Farina's Red Crest Shaving Lotion*. Price $1.

FARINA'S
RED CREST COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER

Look for the Red Crest

pico in the Knabe, Chickering, Mason & Hamlin, and more. Which you buy depends upon your preference in pianos and in the artists who make recording rolls.

INSTRUMENTS AND MUSIC SCORES

CHARLES H. DITSON has marvellous harps and wind instruments; Wurlitzer, according to the aristocrats of the violin, is the place for fiddles and 'cellos. There are others, smaller dealers, whom you would know if you were in the habit of buying orchestra instruments; there is also Carl Fischer, 56 Cooper Square, who has every imaginable supply for the fiddler.

If you are fostering musical interest in your own children, or in some home that is dear to you, there is hardly a finer tradition than that of presenting, each Christmas, bound volumes of the musical classics. This means that you will probably go to Schirmer. It is not the only music house in New York, but it publishes the great Schirmer editions of all music scores. If you don't know just which German or other original editions are the best, you cannot go wrong on the good yellow-bound collection. Two or four-hand, one or two-piano transcriptions of great orchestra and chamber music can also be had, and make a noble present for a musical home. —M. C.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS

THIS is the first, and, no doubt the only, reference to live stock in these here Christmas lists; therefore it is recommended earnestly to the immediate attention of those considering gifts to, for, or of, domestic animals.

POINTS ON EQUIPMENT, ETC.: Sporting-goods houses that go in for dog departments (notably Spalding, Abercrombie & Fitch) and department

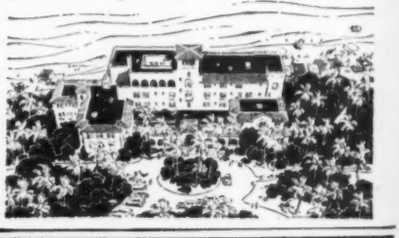
The Hotel
PANCOAST
Miami Beach, Florida

The remaining few among the fastidious inner circle who have delayed securing preferred accommodations at Miami Beach this season, will be interested to know that a limited number of reservations are still available at the Pancoast for December and March. The possibilities of disappointment may be lessened by telegraphing today. : : : :

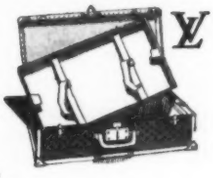
American Plan, Dec. 1 to April 15
European Plan, April 15 to Dec. 1

J. A. PANCOAST, Owner-Proprietor — L. B. SPRAGUE, Manager

Directly on the Ocean



Luggage
by Louis Vuitton



Also
Luggage to Individual Order
16 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK

Arthur Gilmore INC

CORRECT CONTRACT BRIDGE
by E. V. SHEPARD
An authority on the subject, the author first introduced the game in America. $2.00
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

Even by running one's hand across the skin not the slightest trace of sharpened hair growth can be felt this new way.

Reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly without fostering coarsened re-growth

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

SIMPLE NOW TO GET RID OF HAIR ON ARMS AND LEGS

Utterly Without Fostering Coarsened Re-growth

A new discovery that not only removes hair instantly but delays its reappearance remarkably

A NEW way of removing hair from arms and legs has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are complaining of. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of sharpened hair growth can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the sharpened re-growth women are complaining of. You can feel the difference. No sharpened hair growth. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size. 211

Authority in EVENING CLOTHES

Gentlemen's evening clothes by De Pinna constitute an authoritative expression of that form and taste which has the acceptance of critical gentlemen here and in London . . . In the fine English weaves, as in every detail of their making, formal and dinner clothes by De Pinna are *exactly* correct.

Hand-tailored for immediate wear.

DE PINNA

Complete Outfitters to Gentlemen

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd ST., NEW YORK

stores that do likewise (Saks-Fifth Avenue, Lord & Taylor, Macy, et al.) are always well stocked with everything to make a dog comfortable and content.

This particular season finds two new dog toys at Abercrombie & Fitch: a rubber chop, for some reason considered an improvement over the classic fake bone; and a rubber dumb-bell, which is probably a commentary of one sort or another on this sedentary modern life. The Catnip Cats are still present—those rubber cat heads that squeak when pounced upon by eager canines. These are grand fun, except for animals easily over-excited; make sure of the dog's temperament before handing out gifts of this nature.

Also at this shop (not news) are the Iver Johnson sleeping mats, considered pretty nearly ideal by dog fanciers.

Good, practical dog books are always sure-fire gifts for puppy owners. Abercrombie has a very complete dog library, to which I refer you with no compunction whatever.

At Saks-Fifth Avenue, there is a dog department full of equipment done in that inimitable French manner. A few items from their collection:

Overstuffed chair for lap-dogs; has sides that let down for sleeping. Made of flea-proofed kapok and covered in washable chintz to match the boudoir.

Storm coats with big turn-up collars, in gabardine, to match Mistress' trench coat, or in camel's hair and rough tweeds, to match Marster's. Also special raincoats for short-legged dogs, built—imagine!—to keep low-slung tummies out of the wet.

Travelling box of airplane cloth, and consequently very light; looks like lady's hatbox and has compact inside

compartment for food and general equipment, as well as space for dog. Not to be confused with Saks' special fitted overnight case for bow-wows, in which you may, after all, have the practical-joking courage to be interested.

For small-dog use, you are reminded about that practical bead-chain leash, which will swivel indefinitely, refusing to kink despite serpentine gyrations. At almost any harness shop or big-store dog department.

Maybe your own pedigreed darling is an elegant sight to your fond eyes; but it is usually advisable to take him out for a little professional grooming before the family comes down for the holidays. For this purpose Charles Klenke exists, at 2231 Eighth Avenue, Monument 1127. Clipping a specialty; also plucking, shampoos, and probably facials.

WE are now ready for the list of kennels, selected for accessibility and thoughtfully divided into three classified groups.

SMALL DOGS

Mrs. V. Matta, 2618 Ditmars Boulevard, Astoria, Long Island, Astoria 2772: Pomeranians, if that's the way your mind runs.

Mrs. M. C. McGlone, 1422 Pelham Parkway South, Westchester 1545: Boston terriers.

J. V. Powell, 246 East Fifty-seventh Street, Plaza 1643: The Jo-Po Pekinese.

Queens Terrier Kennels, Jamaica South, Long Island, Laurelton 2615: Scotch terriers.

A. C. Wilmerding, 518 Belvedere Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey: Good old-fashioned cocker spaniels.

MIDDLE-SIZED DOGS

Bronxboro Kennels, Sedgwick and Bailey Avenues: English bull terriers—in case you want a neighborhood champion.

Marcus Bruckheimer, 2114 Third Avenue, Lehigh 6775: Fine Irish terriers. Walk through the pawnshop at this address until you come to the kennels.

Ledgeland Kennels, Tuxedo Park, New York: Chows—blooded pups from $50.

Millwood Kennels, Roslyn, Long Island: Airedales.

BIG DOGS

Dr. J. D. de Ronde, 48 East

For broad open spaces you should see a Malolo stateroom!

"Run over" to Hawaii on the fast Malolo

. . . IT'S ONLY 4 DAYS FROM SAN FRANCISCO

THAT'S all of a trip it is! Much quicker by the Malolo than you had thought possible. You can leave this nippy cold, sail out the Golden Gate Saturday noon and next Wednesday golf at Waialae or swim at Waikiki.

And your trip across—just like a week-end at your favorite resort. You'll unpack in your Malolo stateroom, delighted to find closets and space to "shake things out." Your sea-going appetite will revel in choosing from twoscore dishes on Malolo menus.

All the little things that make life comfortable are there, too. A telephone at each bed. Elevators to all seven decks. Deft tea service at your deck chair. When you're ready for the complete Malolo story, ask any travel agency or Matson Line, 535 Fifth Avenue, MURrayHill 3685.

MATSON LINE 25 steamers . . . fastest service

HAWAII SOUTH SEAS AUSTRALIA

Who Knows What's Correct?

ONE can't, of course, ask just anybody what is the correct new note in evening jewelry for men. But one can always depend upon Krementz to answer that question correctly in practically all the better shops throughout the United States.

Studs, links, and vest buttons must always match. Tuxedo jewelry should either be black enamel or dark mother-of-pearl. Only white mother-of-pearl may be worn with full dress.

The rich leatherette cases in which all Krementz sets are sold make them popular and well thought-of gifts. Priced from $7.50 to $50 a set. Write us for name of dealer nearest you. New Yorkers may phone our Fifth Avenue Office, Lackawanna 3123.

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Makers of Fine Jewelry since 1866
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CORRECT EVENING JEWELRY FOR MEN

Eighty-ninth Street, Atwater 5828: Irish setters.

MRS. E. H. GAY, Boonton, New Jersey: Collies, in the good old fashion.

HALCYON KENNELS, Goshen, New York, Goshen 154: Irish wolfhounds for those extra acres.

MRS. W. K. HITCHCOCK, Pleasantville, New York: Old English sheep dogs—huge, lumbering creatures; don't be deceived by fluffy puppyhood.

C. T. INGLEE, 155 Montague Street, Brooklyn, Main 9251 (Inglehurst Kennels): Setters—English, Irish, and Gordon.

JESSFORD KENNELS, Roslyn, Long Island: German shepherd dogs—police dogs by their right names.

MRS. M. A. KREISCHER, Lynbrook, Long Island: Dobermann pinschers—the snooty watchdogs.

PERCHINO KENNEL, Hunter Road, Peekskill, New York: Russian wolfhounds, for portraits.

STEINBACHER'S GREAT DANE KENNELS, Ridgefield, New Jersey, Morsemere 5252: Great Danes, strangely enough.

MORGAN WING, 50 Broadway, Digby 0436 (The Wingbrook Kennels): Samoyedes—like an overgrown Esquimau dog in everything but disposition.

EXTRA ANIMAL NOTES: Long-haired cats of all sorts can be had from the Misses Champion, at Northcote House, Concord, Staten Island, St. George 1281. Siamese cats are harder to get, but George Holden, 516 Madison Avenue, Plaza 2586, can almost always get them for you. Or possibly you may be able to order one from Mrs. Althea Thurber, Silvermine, Norwalk, Connecticut, Norwalk 6021 Ring 3. The same lady also raises those exclusive black French poodles. No precious itty ones anticipated for release by Christmas, but orders (we blush) are cheerfully taken and filled in rotation as they are received.

We give you The Kingyo Pet Shop, 1296 Sixth Avenue, for everything for the compleat aquarium or aviary. Also exotic things, like monkeys. Phone, Volunteer 7738. —B. B.

•

Ruth Etting, star of Ziegfeld's "Whoopee", when interviewed yesterday at the Metropolitan Theater in Boston, thus made clear her position toward Harvard undergraduates. "Really, though I don't know any Harvard men, I like them a lot."—*The Harvard Crimson.*

Clear as a bell.

TURKEY— AND NO TROUBLE

COME DOWN for a Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Thanksgiving, where everything is done for you. Turkey—and no trouble. Festivity—and no confusion. Dining-rooms luxuriously appointed, and sun-rooms, squash courts, Sandy Cove—a playroom for children . . . while over all is the homelike spirit that makes people come and bring their families to Chalfonte-Haddon Hall.

Bring your family. Stay the week-end. Golf a little, ride a little, or bask in a deck-chair in the sun. Write for rates and literature. A Motoramp garage adjoins the hotel.

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FOR definite reservations, rates and information, write or 'phone
250 West 57th Street, New York
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PENROD is back!!
America's favorite boy character as the *deteckatif* in these hilarious escapades is "funnier than ever," according to *The New Yorker.*
BY
BOOTH TARKINGTON
$2.00 DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
PENROD-JASHBER

MUSICAL EVENTS

A Revival and a New Conductor—The Friends Make Merry—More Children—And Mr. Robeson

WITH a Puccini revival and a new German conductor, the Metropolitan is under way—as you may have guessed from observing the crowds that arrive in West Thirty-ninth Street nightly at about 8:45 to hear operas that begin at 8. The Puccini revival is "La Fanciulla del West," which is operatic for "The Girl of the Golden West." It seems to be a hit, although I have no hopes for its longevity. Mme. Jeritza, in her first suitable new rôle since "Turandot," is responsible for whatever success "The Girl" may have, although some sort of award should go to Vincenzo Bellezza, whose unobtrusive conducting masked one of the best directorial jobs that has been turned in by any member of the Metropolitan baton entourage.

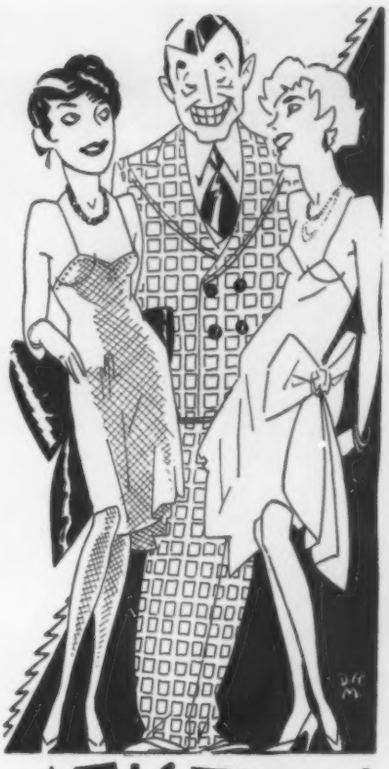
"THE GIRL" is one of those curious operas that sound more attractive when described than when heard. The Belasco book loses little of its sure-fire melodrama in Italian, and the music points it up admirably. The setting of the trick poker game at the end of the second act could not have been bettered by the most adroit talkie synchronizer, and the final B flats which Minnie yips out after cheating the sheriff are the best sort of operatic hokum. If there were any non-derivative (or even derivative) melody in the score, the thing would be as popular as "Tosca;" unfortunately, Puccini was out of tunes when he turned to this libretto. The workmanship is more delicate, more mature, than that of "Tosca" or even "Madame Butterfly," and harmonic lapses in taste that mar "Tosca" are absent. Only ideas are absent.

Mme. Jeritza has excellent opportunities throughout the work, and she handles them like the clever performer she is. Her entrance, in which she wrests a pistol from Mr. Tibbett, is a bouncing one. Her little waltz with Mr. Martinelli is, of course, an easy bit, because the vision of an opera singer stepping out is in itself the sort of business that always collapses a Metropolitan audience. When she paces about awkwardly in tight shoes, throws clothes out of a drawer, leaps amorously at Mr. Martinelli, defends herself against Mr. Tibbett, and finally holds the entire male chorus at bay (including those behind her) with a pistol, it's bound to be effective. In the finale she rides off easily on a horse, a piece of business that is not the least of what the spectacle offers. Add to her efficient management of a shrewdly written part a deal of expressive singing, and you have Mme. Jeritza at her best. Perhaps it isn't really a trying rôle, but I can imagine what might have happened to it in other hands and feet.

Mr. Martinelli was bothered with a cold at the première, and possibly he will be more at ease subsequently, especially if he will play the part of the bandit-hero in shorter hair. Mr. Tibbett sang Jack Rance well, but he does not seem to have grown into the part as yet. The rest were capable enough, and the new bass, Mr. Pasero, was a good deal more than that. Mr. Lert, the new stage director, treated "The Girl" as an Italian opera, and although Mr. Belasco bowed gravely and graciously, the production was Mr. Lert's. It was smooth production, eminently fitted to the music, and no more a realistic view of the bad old West than "Romeo and Juliet" is a photograph of Italy.

Incidentally, some of the best singing in the show came from Everett Marshall and Joseph Macpherson in minor parts. Keep on watching these young gentlemen.

THE least-to-be-envied man in town is Josef Rosenstock, who has assumed the burdens of Mr. Bodanzky at the Metropolitan. Mr. Bodanzky suffered plenty of nasty cracks in his years as conductor of German opera for Mr. Gatti-Casazza, but Mr. Rosenstock was greeted with an exceptional shower of carrots. From his direction of "Die Meistersinger"



SATISFIED!

THE LATEST

Brunswick

FOX TROT

hot off the fiddle of

BEN BERNIE

AND HIS HOTEL ROOSEVELT ORCHESTRA

SATISFIED

The last Fox Trot the Maestro made for Brunswick before he sailed to tickle the feet of dear old London.

THERE'S TOO MANY EYES

Ben's a nasty Nero, the way he's fiddled fire into this flaming Fox Trot. ***No. 4507***

CHESTER GAYLORD

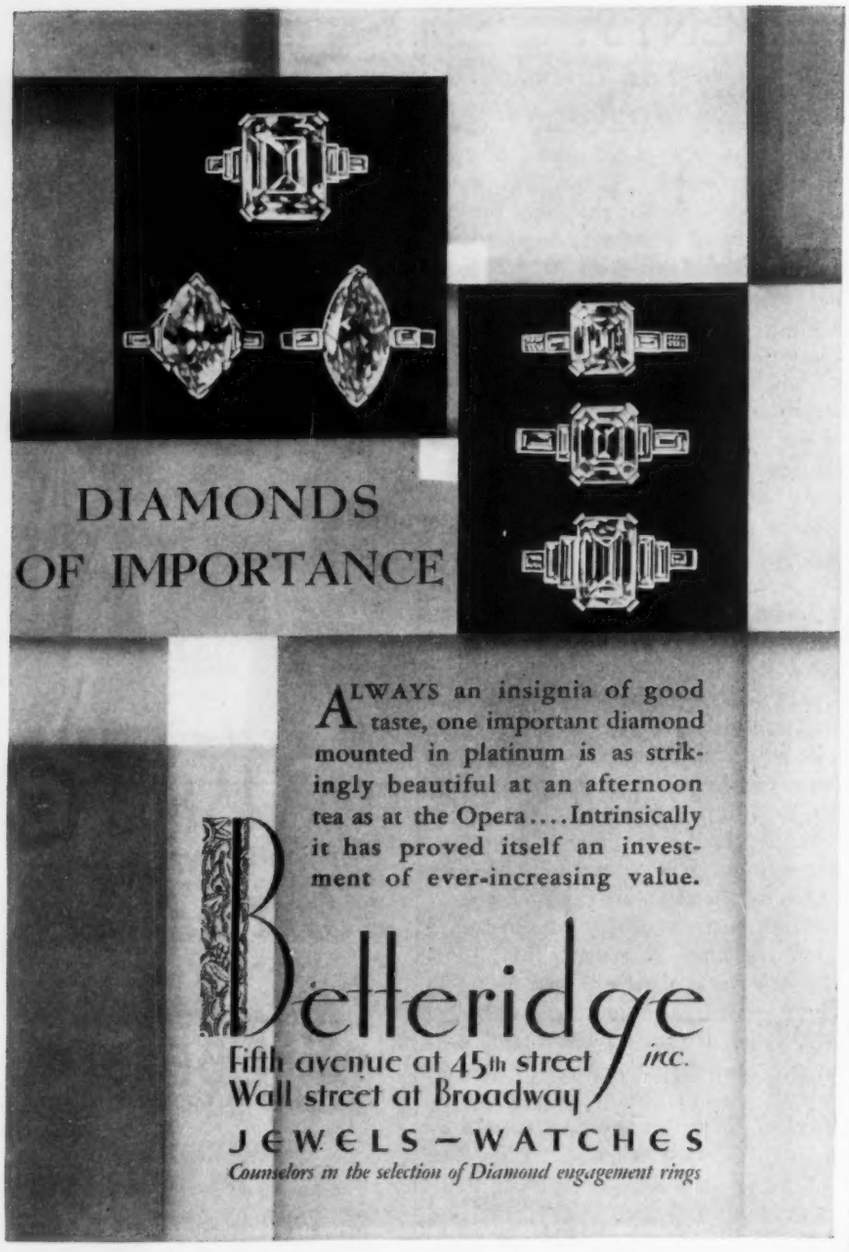
"The Whispering Serenader" sings

SATISFIED

Accompanied by saxophone, clarinet and piano, Chester does his best to out-maestro Mr. Bernie.

LOVE ME

S'help us, you will, if you ever lend your ears to Chester when he sings this number from the French success "Deja". The piano and guitar accompaniment is scrumptious. ***No. 4531***


DIAMONDS
OF IMPORTANCE
ALWAYS an insignia of good taste, one important diamond mounted in platinum is as strikingly beautiful at an afternoon tea as at the Opera....Intrinsically it has proved itself an investment of ever-increasing value.
Betteridge inc.
Fifth avenue at 45th street
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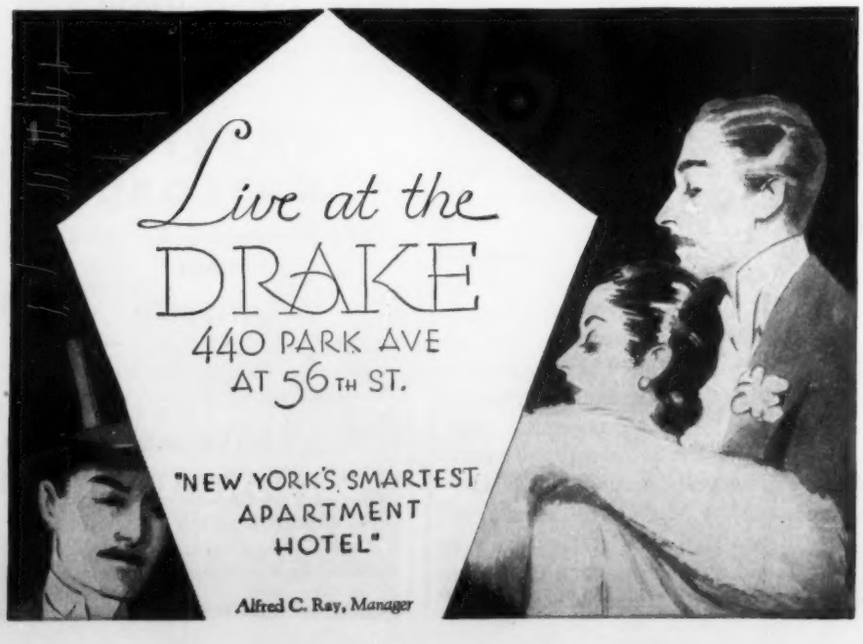
JEWELS—WATCHES
Counselors in the selection of Diamond engagement rings



and "Der Rosenkavalier," I am somewhat at a loss to explain Mr. Rosenstock. He evidently knows his scores. He has good stick technique. He is more than considerate of his singers, and permits them to be heard; which may not be a virtue, the German staff of the Metropolitan being what it is. In any case, he has not yet clicked, and the experts amuse themselves by reeling off a roster of other German conductors who would please them better.

Mr. Rosenstock is younger than most conductors who are appointed to important jobs at great opera houses (although youth means nothing with conductors, for Mr. Mengelberg was an international celebrity before he was thirty), and he does not seem at ease in his surroundings. As the old critic remarked of Wagner's music, Mr. Rosenstock's direction is not as bad as it sounds. Evidently he is accustomed to auditoriums considerably smaller than that in which he now labors. Consequently, he operates on a miniature scale which does not jibe with the Metropolitan acoustics. The combination of a small style and an obvious diffidence has been responsible for a touch of torpidity in his work so far. Perhaps a few prima-donna notions may convert him into a more effective conductor.

MR. BODANZKY, meanwhile, has been turning his attention to music not so solemn as "The Seasons," with capital results. At one concert of the Friends of Music, he offered Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," Schumann's Piano Concerto, with Benno Moiseiwitsch as a delightful soloist, and a stunning choral setting of "Wein, Weib, und Gesang." This Strauss waltz is one of the Friends' triumphs, a smash for the chorus, its chorus master, Mr. Wohllebe, and for Mr. Bodanzky, who, in Viennese music, can give most of his colleagues cards, spades, and the Central Park Casino. Such programs will do much to dispel the notion that the Friends of Music is a society that specializes in heavy music behind locked doors.

THERE have been a few young instrumentalists on view—Miss Giulia Bustabo, who fiddles, and Ezra Rachlin, a pianist, but as both of them are more than nine years old, they cannot be analyzed so pedantically as Master Ricci. In fact, it was possible to find flaws in both of them which probably would not have been apparent three years ago. You see that I am

DO YOU . . . . . . SMOKE MORE WHEN THE GANG GATHERS?

ANOTHER GOOD INTRODUCTION TO SPUD'S COOLER SMOKE!

When the boys assemble for a big evening at small stakes . . . do you smoke lots of cigarettes? Then make those cigarettes Spuds. Make your last bid of the long evening from a mouth and throat moist-cool and comfortable . . . with your tobacco senses still keen! Spud's smoke is proven 16% cooler. That "16% cooler" heightens your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. It deals out the new freedom in hearty old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.

"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"... a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you . . . sent gladly on request.

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

STYLE EXTENDS TO THE LOUNGING ROBE

After the tiring round of the day's activities there's nothing more peace-producing than to slip into a soft, warm camelhair lounging robe.

But naturally there is much more peace of mind in a robe that is attractively smart, as are those styled by Jaeger. And, of course, the quality of Jaeger materials is unsurpassed.

There is a particularly attractive lounging robe for men at $42 and others up to $49.

Ladies' robes range in price from $42 to $47.50, and robes for children are $21 to $45.

JAEGER

The VOGUE *in* WOOLLENS

590 Fifth Avenue
at Forty-eighth Street
New York

learning this business of reporting child prodigies.

PAUL ROBESON returned to the recital stage in Carnegie Hall with a familiar program, which he sang so well that I am convinced he has outgrown the negro-spiritual stage and is ready to present a much more varied repertoire. Since his début as a vocalist, he has improved his production enormously and added several notes at both ends of the scale. His diction, always good, now is the equal of any to be heard. His entertainment, with the inimitable Lawrence Brown not only accompanying gorgeously but chucking in a few snatches of informal close harmony, was charming—but it is a pity for an artist of Mr. Robeson's gifts and intelligence to appear only as an intoner of racial airs. —R. A. S.

CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

Even More Operas, Some Symphonies, and a Few Tunes That Are Light

VICTOR, having released "Aïda" in two volumes, now brings out a double-decker "Carmen," conducted by Piero Coppola, and sung by a group of singers assembled in France. Columbia already has issued a "Carmen," via France, but Victor's is a trifle more comprehensive. Tonally, the Columbia set has an edge, although the Victor recording, save for a lack of clarity in some orchestral passages, is good. Victor's Carmen is Lucy Perelli of the Opéra-Comique, evidently a vivacious lady, who sings her music with plenty of snap. The José, M. de Trevi from Brussels, somewhat obscures a naturally fine voice by forcing. There is an ingénuish Micaela, Yvonne Brothier. (Remember that I am speaking only of vocal impressions; for all I know, Mlle. or Mme. Brothier may have been in the original cast with Galli-Marié.) The Toreador is exceptionally vivid, even when he recomposes some of his music, and the chorus is always alert. "Carmen," in this edition, is not as good as Victor's "La Bohème," "Walküre," or "Aïda," but there is no reason it shouldn't be in your library—especially if you have an automatic Victrola and don't like to change discs.

ARMSTRONG SHOES

"Front!" commands the clerk sternly, as a daintily shod foot comes into his orbit. He judges by appearance, does our hero, and shoes like those would never duck a hotel bill.

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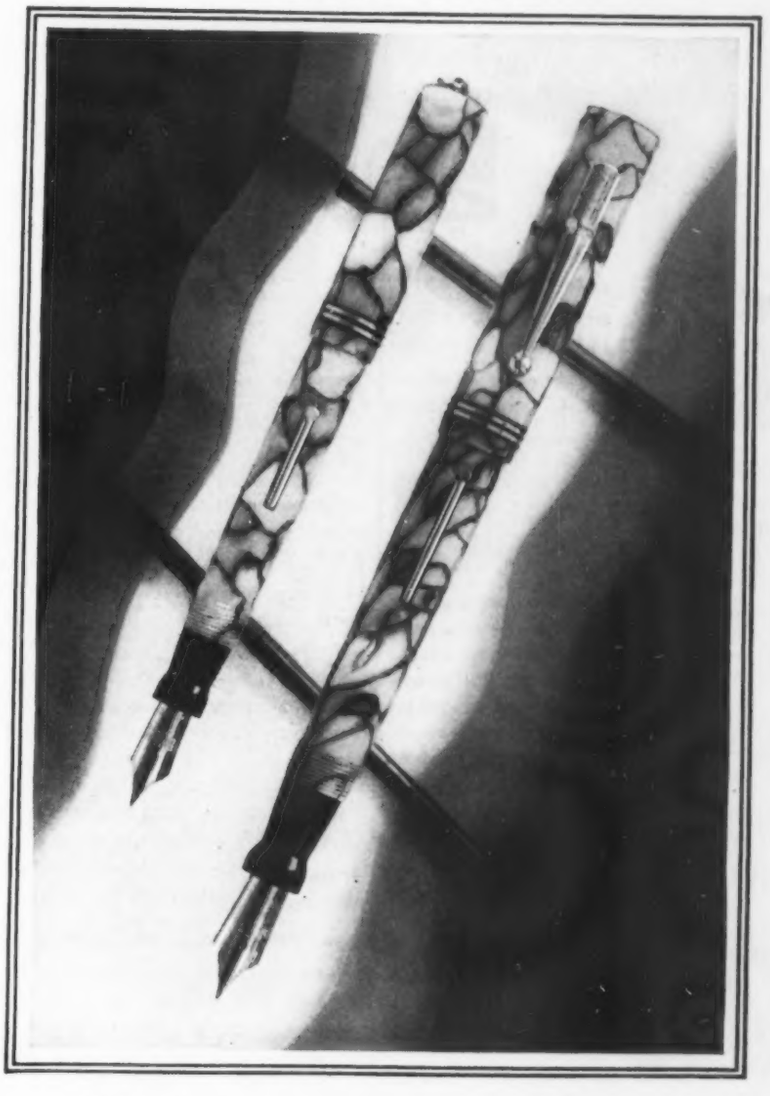
Columbia has issued, as of America, its Bayreuth recording of "Tristan und Isolde," a fine enterprise. The American pressings are said to be superior to those originally imported, although there is no great difference to the lay ear at first hearing. The singing, of course, is of the German school, which means that the "Tristan" is not too endurable, but what contemporary "Tristan" is? Wagnerians aren't so finicky, and this set of records looks like the logical Christmas gift for Wagnerians. Odeon, which is getting more ambitious while you wait, has the triumphal scene from "Aïda" in a lusty version by nobody whom you'll recognize. It's a good buy for those who want about twenty-five minutes of opera, resoundingly sung.

THE symphonic prize for the month goes to Victor, with a superb recording of Haydn's "Clock" Symphony by Toscanini and the Philharmonic-Symphony. For those who want to study Toscanini's methods, there is nothing like this album. Of course, you may discover that Toscanini merely plays what has been set down by the composer, which is hardly revelatory. Franz Schalk, conducting Schubert's "Unfinished" for Columbia, is faithful enough to the score, but no one would confuse him with Toscanini. If you have no "Unfinished," the Schalk version is not a bad suggestion, even if it lacks sparkle. Columbia also offers an excellent recording of the Franck Symphony by M. Gaubert and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra. By the way, the Toscanini symphony does not consume all of the available sides, and the "spare" is devoted to a miraculous performance of the Scherzo from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Odeon has brought out what I believe to be its first symphony for American consumption—the Brahms C minor, conducted by Klemperer, with the useful Grand Symphony Orchestra of Berlin doing the playing. That makes three interpretations of this symphony available, the others being Stokowski's Victor album and Weingartner's Columbia waxworks. For those who find Stokowski too radical



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the criterion

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or the rialto

where there's gloria swanson in "the trespasser" — she sings, she talks, she wears those clothes—without a doubt america's best dish, too bad the french horned in.

or the rivoli—united artists

where harold lloyd is heard but often not seen in "welcome danger" his first talking picture, partially in the dark.

or the paramount

to hear paramount's "saturday night kid", clara bow in johnny weaver's love 'em and leave 'em, old fun by a new name. jesse crawford appropriately at the organ.

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in Brahms, Klemperer's reading is recommended. It has vitality and power, and is free of some of the dynamic and rhythmic exaggerations in which this director indulged himself when he used to be heard here.

A RATHER compendious piano library is being built up by Columbia, the latest contribution consisting of nine preludes and fugues from Bach's "Well Tempered Clavichord." The value of this album for students is obvious, and although the pianist, Harriet Cohen, does not do anything highly imaginative, she plays her music in a straightforward style which will at least not tempt the young listener into any bad habits. Collectors of classics also will do well to accumulate the Roth Quartet's brilliant publication of the Haydn Quartet in C major (Op. 33, No. 3), which Edison has released on four sides. This is one of the best of all chamber-music offerings.

FOR music in lighter vein, I suggest the adroitly and sympathetically arranged album of Nevin melodies, which Nathaniel Shilkret has made for Victor. Except for a too-generous use of bells, these records are perfect in their *genre*. Odeon has two charming "minor" discs: the Ochs variations on "Kommt Ein Vogel Geflogen," and "A Rendezvous at Lehar's," a delightful potpourri of that tuneful gentleman's airs.

AND don't overlook Mme. Schumann-Heink's Victor recordings from "Das Rheingold" and "Götterdämmerung." —R. A. S.

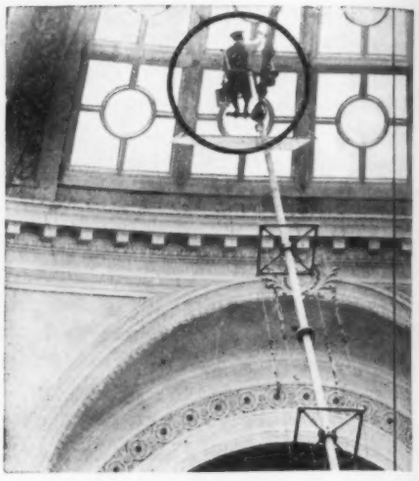
•

LA ARGENTINA AGAIN

TOLEDO

Now gold Toledo without rain
Transmutes the spindrift of the dust
Into mirage above the plain.
You say the power and glory must
Dissolve in lassitude like this,
A dream at last analysis?
Yet ours are towers that greatly dare.
We must believe what they declare!
Would you ignore us with your pose
That concentrates and is a rose?
Oh, folded petals shaped like sleep,
How is your pool of light so deep?
Reticent rose, what is your will?
How can you bloom and be so still?
How can you move and yet not move?
What word are you the symbol of?

—GRACE HAZARD CONKLING



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Condemned to Antibes
—Paris à la Bordoni

DEVIL'S ISLAND, the French penal colony, is supposed to be one of the hell-holes of the world, and it is so described in Mrs. Blair Niles' book. However, in "Condemned," at the Selwyn, based upon this book, the island curiously resembles the French Riviera. The lovers meet and gaze into each other's eyes against stone parapets above a glittering sea, with overhanging palms and flowering plants, and there are quaint streets and markets of tropical fruits. It might be Antibes. Indeed, Ronald Colman, as the prisoner lover, even wears a beret, and is generally debonair and gallant in the most approved Antibes fashion.

As Riviera romance the story is well done, though somewhat conventional. Sidney Howard did well by the dialogue; Ann Harding, as the girl, is always lovely and fresh and chic; but the real acting honors of the picture certainly belong to Dudley Digges, as the harassed warden of the prison and the husband of Ann, who is won away from him by the cheery convict.

There are some perfunctory glimpses of prison horrors, but these are politely submerged under the Riviera atmosphere; and at the end, after the abrupt demise of the warden, it is indicated that the lovers will meet again and live happily ever afterwards in their dear France. I am told that this conclusion is held to be too painful for the tender hearts and minds of the provinces, and that for their benefit a special epilogue will be added in which they may actually behold the couple at last married, with their little ones about their knees. For hard-boiled Manhattan, however, the picture as it stands is really too mild, and merely pretty.

LIKE Dudley Digges in "Condemned," Louise Closser Hale in "Paris," at the Central, runs off with the acting honors in a secondary rôle. As the Newton Center matron who takes to cocktails and cigarettes, and eventually horrifies even the lively star of the Paris "Follies," she is somehow both ribald and a New England lady

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MEROWIT BUILDING

throughout, and very funny. Irene Bordoni does well in her own fashion and with her usual feathers, and the stage play is expanded into a musical show with elaborate, colored scenes from the "Follies" in which she may sing her songs. But, for some mystic reason, one of the Cole Porter songs has been omitted. With "Let's Do It" included, "Paris" would have been a first-rate musical farce.

"So This Is College" presents a friendly, cheerful little story of a university with an undergraduate body unusually gifted in the arts of tap dancing, jazz playing, and the like. Its alumni should do well on Broadway. The picture ends with a football game, which is won at the very last moment when the heroes—there are two in this case—are freed of certain emotional concerns. It is an agreeable picture, especially intended for minors.

"The Love Doctor" is our old friend "The Boomerang," with Richard Dix as the tender and comic medico. The comedy dialogue is presented by the talkies in a very deliberate fashion, there being plenty of time for rumination between the lines—although they do not exactly put one in the mood to ruminate, at least about the picture.

"Romance of Rio Grande" is the weekly Mexican bit, and is very much what we are taught to expect of behavior in that locality. "Shanghai Lady," with Mary Nolan, is exotic drama about the coming of pure love to the hearts of an escaped convict and a notorious lady of a "tea house," with a background of sinister slant-eyed persons in kimonos, even more sinister half-castes in linen suitings, and the like. This is not for minors, but is moderately engrossing to the mature. "Footlights and Fools" is only for the following of Miss Colleen Moore, and of what age they may be I am not at the moment informed. —J. C. M.

•

"You did," Miss Foster replied. "You deliberately insulted me and I'm going to insult you in the only way I can."—*The World.*

"That's not so," Miss Foster retorted. "You deliberately insulted me, and I am going to insult you in the only way that you can understand."—*The Herald Tribune.*

Which is, presumably, something else again.

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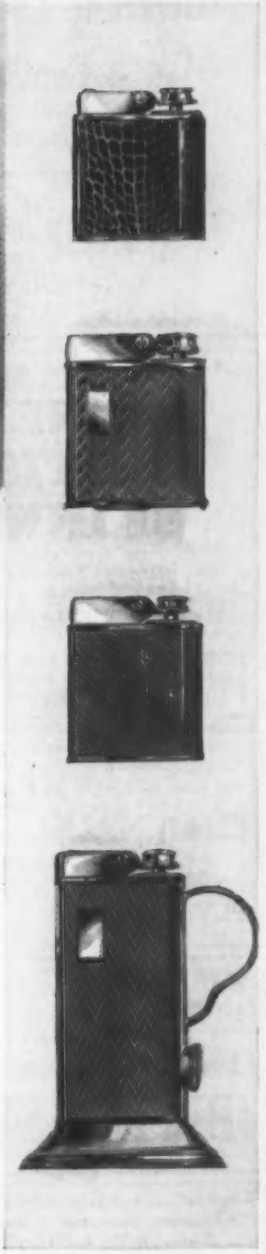

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Back to the National
—Hunters at Belmont

SHORTLY after the United Hunts meet, everyone said goodbye to sun and air for a week of the National Horse Show, with its dust, lights, echoes, and superb amplifiers. There is no doubt about it, the foreign teams make a six-day show possible—without them, the rest of the exhibitors could not provide enough interest or excitement even for three.

BEN MEYER finally brought Billet Doux, the great harness pony, east, that people might see what a real champion is. King of the Plains was absent, however, and no other horse could extend Billet Doux. Likely Lady, the indefatigable, looking fresh and going brilliantly, got her well-deserved blue; and the new saddle horse we had all been looking for was produced by Mrs. Goodman, in Marion Gold. That there were a few old-timers there who remember past glories was indicated by the enthusiastic yells which greeted Mrs. Walter Miller when she won on My Love. As Mrs. Hanley, she used to set the Garden on end with the incomparable Driftwood Blaze, Twilight, and the rest; she has not forgotten her secret of catching and holding the eye of the crowd by making any horse she happens to be riding go brilliantly.

The Italian team showed us something new—three thoroughbreds that were crack open jumpers. They were a joy to look at, after the collection of assorted and extremely odd-looking animals that usually make up an open-jumping class. Also, they refuted all the theories that clean-bred horses are too uncertain and high-strung to be show jumpers, for they were temperate, consistent, and had that cat-like ability to get out of bad holes which no ordinary horse can attain.

H. Holbin Crowell, and Danny Shea, who rides for him, were very happy people when Fairfax won the Brooks Bryce Cup. Mr. Crowell is especially set on beating the Army team, and feels that the size of his large stable has been entirely justified when

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he does; thus a noteworthy triumph like this was very gratifying, even though it was gained by a horse trained by Captain Carr and ridden by him at Amsterdam last year.

THE melancholia induced by the stock market was not noticeable on Election Day at Belmont Park, although it did cause abandonment of the traditional United Hunts dinner, when the sweep for the Temple Gwathmey Memorial is drawn. Joseph Widener had let nothing interfere with winning this overrated race for five years; and this time, in the absence of Fairmount, Arc Light did the trick nicely. He had to run some, though, as the race was reeled off terrifically fast, and the pace, combined with the low fences, put everything but speed in the discard. Augústus Goodwin's Land Boy, and James Simpson, Jr.'s, Cahanemore, both of whom have won over stiffer courses, were outrun. The latter had beaten that good horse, Crack Willow, in the Double Event for hunters. The name of that event, incidentally, was a bit too optimistic, for when the second section was called, all but the Detroit horse were scratched. Amid groans and boos of the disappointed crowd, Cahanemore solemnly paraded past the stand and then, with a distinctly puzzled expression on his face, was taken back to the barn.

The flat race for horses ridden by army officers gave the newspapers their first chance of the week to use the word "colorful." All the visiting nations were up, and the race was a well-ridden slam-bang affair, with Poland beating Ireland to the wire on James Simpson, Jr.'s, well-played choice, Proposal.

—TOUCH AND GO

•

Then, to me, and no intellectual monopolist has said it since Bishop Percy and Charles Lamb, a true artist can be picked out of the bewildering mass of clever forgeries with which the market is flooded, especially to-day, by a rule of thumb that he is unself-consciousness. I know that the bald statement is known and unluckily has been the excuse in a misinterpretation of its meaning for the degraded worship of naivete, childishness, underestimation, writing down, and knowing appearance of non-trying, which is the plague of all the arts to-day, and which will make, I swear to it, the vast majority of our production as unbearably boring as that other critic-ridden, mock-modest body, the poetry of English middle eighteenth century.—*William Bolitho in the World.*

Well, we wouldn't swear to it.

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OVEREMPHASIS AGAIN!

OF course, I wasn't there when it happened, but Alfred was, and I have no reason to doubt Alfred's word. Alfred had been up to one of the football games that afternoon and had had two or three small drinks. That night, he was at an even-Saturday Philharmonic concert at Carnegie. I go to the third-Tuesday-of-the-month series which is for the old second-Wednesday-Goldman-Band subscribers who formerly sat in the Mall on alternate Arbor Days, so, as I said, I wasn't there, but Alfred was.

He tells me that the first two quarters of the concert went all right. Maestro Toscanini did his dirtiest with a fugue, two codas, and a tympanum by Wurlitzer. It wasn't till half-time that anything out of the ordinary occurred, and then—it came all at once.

Toscanini, it seems, suddenly whirled about, jumped down from the rostrum into the parquet, followed by the first violins, second violins, 'cellos, horns, double basses, and harpists. They lined up in the space between the stage and the first row of seats, and, with a flourish, they marched down the various aisles, Toscanini at their head, playing a rousing "Boola Boola" as they came. At the rear of the house, Toscanini about-faced and doubled back, leading the entire orchestra through this very intricate maneuver to the applause of the stands.

ONCE back to the stage, Mr. Toscanini suddenly rapped twice. Immediately all was confusion. Artists scurried hither and thither, and it wasn't till several moments later that the audience realized that they were staring at a perfect "P." There was immense applause as soon as people saw that the spirited Toscanini and his clever lads had spelled it out for the old Philharmonic. Not satisfied with that, Mr. Toscanini rapped again, and immediately every player adopted a different attitude—a 'cellist arched his back, a cornetist raised both arms to heaven, the cymbalist turned a cartwheel, two first violins held a second between them horizontally, the trap-drummer stood on one leg, his other outstretched.

For a time, no one realized what was occurring until the band broke into the old anthem, "Even Saturdays Forever." Then they saw it. The entire orchestra was ingeniously spelling out "Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York," each man doing one letter. A hearty salvo of applause greeted this last effort. From here on, Alfred is a little hazy, though he thinks the home boys won over the Philadelphians. —ROBERT J. MISCH

•

ARMISTICE DAY QUERIES

WONDER whether former Corporal Schmidlapp, now a vice-president of the Chase National Bank, would remember me and cash a cheque for me.

Would he try to induce me to open a Thrift Account?

What does Captain "Jazz" Townsend find to rail at now that Co. A, 51st Pioneer Infantry, is but a memory? Who invented *Pioneer* Infantry? Why?

Would "Buddy" Doyle, late of "Show Girl," and now understudy to Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee," slip me a couple of passes if I dropped him a line saying everybody at Camp Wadsworth knew he was a born comedian the first time he showed up for bayonet practice? Will it hurt me to try?

Why didn't Jim Monaghan warn me I was holding my rifle askew when I posed for that photograph? Whatever prompted my father to have it enlarged?

What was the name of the town we were billeted in the day the Armistice was signed? Is it possible I've forgotten?

Will I ever meet Sergeant Gladding, preferably in an alley?

What good did it do me to graduate from A.E.F. University, Beaune, Côte d' Or?

Is Yvonne still clerking in the jewelry store in Beaune? Does she remember what a time she had teaching me how to pronounce her name correctly?

Why didn't somebody tell me that Lew Brice was Fannie's brother? Does he still resent the remarks I made *re* the silk pajamas he wore to and from the showers?

Why does my Honorable Discharge read: "Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: St. Mihiel Offensive—Woëvre, Meuse, and Moselle Sector," when the closest I came to an engagement was bashed when Major Rosinsky (of the Medicos) reminded Nurse Junderman that stepping out with an enlisted man was *Verboten?*

Why can't I be a Conscientious Objector next time?

What was the war about, anyway?

—E. T. CONROY

THE SKY LINE

Lexington Gothic and Fifth Avenue Modernity

WE have already commented on the attractive exterior of the new Hotel Lexington, at Lexington and Forty-eighth Street, which was designed by Schultze & Weaver. The interiors are equally lively. Both the entrance hall and main lobby follow the picturesque lines of the two street façades, being designed in the Gothic style of northern Italy. The lobby, two stories high, has a gallery or mezzanine floor, which looks down through arched openings into the office space below, at the same time accommodating in its nooks and recesses various desks and lounges. Over the side entrance, space is found for a comfortable sitting-room with an ingeniously vaulted ceiling. Above the Lexington Avenue entrance is a Colonial library enlivened by a colorful branch-and-blossom wall paper. The beamed ceiling over the lobby is executed in a semblance of weathered oak beams and metal strap-work, probably done in plaster; but these imitations are perfect nowadays.

In the dining-room, interestingly planned on two levels, the decoration is effective and modern. The gray green side walls are divided by dark green marble pilasters. Bevelled beams span the ceiling, which is further subdivided by shallow octagonal panels and decorated with birds, beasts, and baskets of fruit, all executed with that touch of humor characteristic of contemporary design. The supper-room under the main lobby is also modern. Big round columns carry a saucer-shaped dome over the dance floor, on one side of which is a stage, screened by a silver curtain. There are ample raised spaces for tables, and a valuable effect of additional space is obtained by mirrors set in the walls. The lighting fixtures applied to these mirrors are particularly attractive.

AS we walked down Lexington Avenue, we paused once more before the main entrance of the Graybar Building to examine the sharply cut, low-relief figures which give it so much character, and which we have always liked. Just now they are beginning to streak a bit, but the grime of our fair city has given them an additional tex-

THE SEAGLADE

and its gaiety is fashioned from that poised, groomed momentum which is smart New York. The shimmering emerald-golds of Urban's undersea fantasy gives it an inimitable brilliance. The ebb and flow of dance rhythms by Lopez and his clan give it a resistless tempo. The St. Regis gives it every facility and charm of long-established graciousness. Luncheon . . . Dinner . . . and Supper

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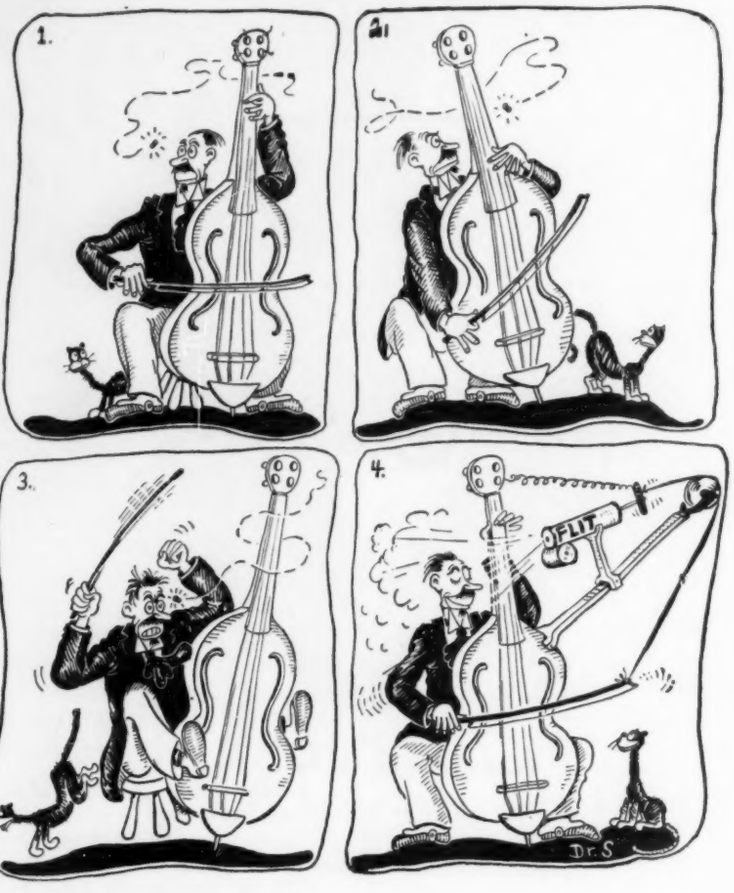

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ture that is all to the good. We do hope they won't be cleaned for a long time.

THE past few weeks have opened the season for new stores. We went to the luncheon celebrating the début of the smart Stewart Building and hugely admired the perfect setting it offers the feminine luxuries which are to be its particular province. Mr. Whitney Warren, of Warren & Wetmore, presented the key of the new building to Mr. Lieberman, the proprietor, and then, after somewhat laboriously collecting their hats and outer garments, the guests inspected the very up-to-date furnishings and decorations. These are credited in the official program to Eugene Schoen, Professor Carlu, and J. Franklin Whitman, Jr. The mellow tone of the ground floor, panelled in maple, is decidedly agreeable. Small sculpture is effectively used in recessed cases, and the details throughout have great distinction. We were a little disappointed in the faïence panel over the main entrance, designed by the Norwegian sculptor, Trygve Hammer. To us it does not seem quite vigorous enough for the simplicity of its setting. The building as a whole, however, is a notable achievement.

ANOTHER new installation which we have inspected with considerable pleasure, is that of the Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham, Inc., merger. The former store, designed by Carrère & Hastings, has been refurbished and refurnished. The old fixed counters have been replaced by portable tables and showcases, and the general effect is much brighter and more open. In the rear, new space has been acquired in an adjoining building. This is developed in a series of galleries—the Tudor Gallery, the Silver Hall, and a number of alcoves in which definite types of silverware are conveniently segregated.

The new space is panelled in walnut, with pargetted and vaulted ceilings. The sturdy furniture, tables, chairs, and desks, as well as the architectural decorations, were designed by S. S. Silver & Company. It is all very comfortable and ingratiating.

—T-SQUARE

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A trust fund with Mitten Bank means freedom from worry about your family when you are gone.—*Mitten Bank bulletin, Philadelphia.*

And high time, too.

A VOYAGE TO PURILIA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36] endanger, or even inconvenience, a woman.

I was handicapped, too, by my unfamiliarity with the legal procedure of Purilia, which differs considerably from ours—trials being conducted not so much for the purpose of arriving at a verdict (which is usually predetermined) as for affording an opportunity to the persons involved to make an effective display of their emotions. The rules of evidence are most elastic, and anyone so inclined is free to make extemporaneous statements or impassioned addresses to judge or jury. In addition, the trial is frequently halted in order to permit one or another of the principals to indulge in touching and intimate embraces with mother, spouse, sweetheart, or child. (Nevertheless, the judges are usually characterized by extreme harshness. They are armed with enormous gavels, which they pound incessantly; without, however, having the slightest effect upon the spectators, who weep, laugh, and applaud unrestrainedly.)

DESPITE the obvious prejudice against me, I heard the verdict of conviction rendered and sentence pronounced upon me with the utmost incredulity. Conscious as I was of my complete innocence, I was unable to believe that I had been actually condemned to death. In fact, it was not until I was led through the prison gates and heard the Presence announce, "The grim inferno whose frowning walls house the legion of the living dead," that I fully realized what lay in store for me.

For a few days I gave way to unrestrained rage and despair. Human emotion, however, unlike Purilian, soon spends itself; and before long I had begun to take account of my surroundings. Engaging my guards and my fellow prisoners in conversation, I soon made the astonishing discovery that practically every inmate of the death-house was innocent of the murder of which he had been convicted.

Further investigation revealed that, without exception, they had been convicted upon the flimsiest evidence conceivable. In some cases, the mere uncorroborated testimony of some designing person had been sufficient to bring about a conviction; in others, the accidental presence of the accused upon the scene of the crime had sufficed; in yet others, the weapon with

Of course all Kings must have their royal attendants. And in the case of H. R. H. "The Turkey", who perennially presides over the Thanksgiving Feast, his retinue consists of piquant relishes, succulent vegetables in glass, delicious pumpkin pies, luscious fruits, nuts and raisins. To be certain that all are of royal heritage ...fit for any King...simply make sure that they come from Park & Tilford, Purveyors to His Majesty for nearly ninety years.

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which the crime had been committed had been found upon the person of the innocent defendant, placed there he knew not how. Many of the condemned, too, had voluntarily confessed guilt in order to protect the good name of a woman; and others, for the same reason, had refused to defend themselves, although knowing well the identity of the guilty person.

As day after day went by, however, I noted with amazement that no execution ever took place. As the last hour of each unhappy youth drew near, something fortunately intervened to prevent fulfillment of the sentence and to restore the convicted man to his loved ones, completely vindicated. A further inquiry revealed the startling fact that, although the death-house was always crowded with innocent men, there was no record of any of them having been executed!

Naturally, this discovery completely allayed my fears concerning my own fate and I awaited the day set for my execution, somewhat impatiently, but confident that something would happen to deliver me from death.

THE days dragged by, endlessly, but in due course the appointed hour arrived and, accompanied by a minister of the gospel, I was led to the lethal chamber amid the cheery farewells of my prison-mates. I recoiled at sight of the electric chair, but at the same instant my attentive ear caught the roaring of an airplane motor, which grew louder and louder as I was placed in the instrument of death. As the straps were applied to my wrists and ankles I could hear the plane circling overhead, and in another instant I knew that it had come to rest in the prison yard. Yet, as I saw the warden raise his hand to give the fatal signal to the executioner, I entertained the grim conviction that if relief for me had indeed come, it would be just a moment too late. At the very instant, however, that the executioner's hand tightened its grasp upon the annihilating lever, a guard burst into the chamber crying, "Stop, stop!" And, as the warden turned to him in astonishment, the man breathlessly informed him that I was wanted in the prison office. The summons had come none too soon!

• •

I WAS released from my bonds and, accompanied by the warden, proceeded now to the latter's office, where we found awaiting us Meg Davis, the district attorney, and a dignified gray-haired man who I soon learned was the governor.

It seems that Meg, being (as I had suspected) guilty of Garrison's murder, had watched the approach of the day set for my execution with growing concern. For, although she was a murderess (and—worse yet—a woman whose life had not been all that it should have been), she was not without her better side, and she could not face calmly the prospect of an innocent man being done to death. Accordingly, she had informed the district attorney, just a few hours before my appointed time, that she had an important communication to make to him. The latter, eager to prevent the commission of irreparable injustice, had hastily enlisted the aid of the governor; and, the time being perilously short, they had chartered an airplane and sped to the prison, arriving, as I have already related, not a moment too soon.

Meg now described the shooting of Garrison, freely admitting her guilt. "He won my love," she said, "and then, when he grew tired of me, he flung me aside like a worn glove. That's why I made up my mind to put him where he never could harm anyone else." Then, her eyes flashing and her head thrown back, she said spiritedly: "I'm glad I did it; he was a vile beast."

It was evident that the district attorney and the governor were deeply impressed by the girl's story. I saw them exchange a significant look and then, as though in response to a slow nod from the governor, the district attorney turned to the girl and said: "I guess you've suffered enough. You'd better take a train to the country, where there are birds and mountains and trees." Tears of gratitude filled the eyes of the bewildered girl. "Do you really mean it?" she said. The district attorney

assured her that he did, and with lowered head the girl walked slowly out of the warden's office.

THE governor now turned to me and, putting his hand upon my shoulder, said: "My boy, your sacrifice has not been in vain. Capital punishment will be abolished." I was deeply gratified to learn that my incarceration had resulted in bringing about this important reform in the Purilian penal system and I thanked the governor heartily.

The governor now pleaded an important engagement at the executive mansion, and as he opened his watch to apprise himself of the hour, I was amazed to see that the case contained a photograph which I recognized as that of Mrs. Malone. An inquiry soon elicited the fact that he had been a youthful admirer of Mrs. Malone and had hoped to marry her. But another had won her, and although the wound had long since healed, he had never married and had always carried Mrs. Malone's portrait in his watch as a constant reminder of his unrequited love.

Upon making this discovery, I acquainted him at once with the misfortunes which had befallen Pansy. He expressed the deepest concern and offered to use his power in rescuing her from her difficulties.

At this moment one of the guards, who was a life-prisoner and a "trusty," and who had been listening attentively to my conversation with the governor, stepped forward and informed us that he had just learned, by the secret underground means of communication familiar to all criminals, that Millwood, finding Pansy recalcitrant, had taken her aboard the steamship Southern Cross, which was sailing that very night.

This alarming news spurred us to immediate action, and as soon as I had doffed my prison attire, we departed, bent upon succoring Pansy and hopeful, too, of finding Johnson and Mollie—the governor forgetting, in his anxiety for Pansy, the important affairs of state which awaited his attention.

—ELMER RICE

(*Continued next week*)

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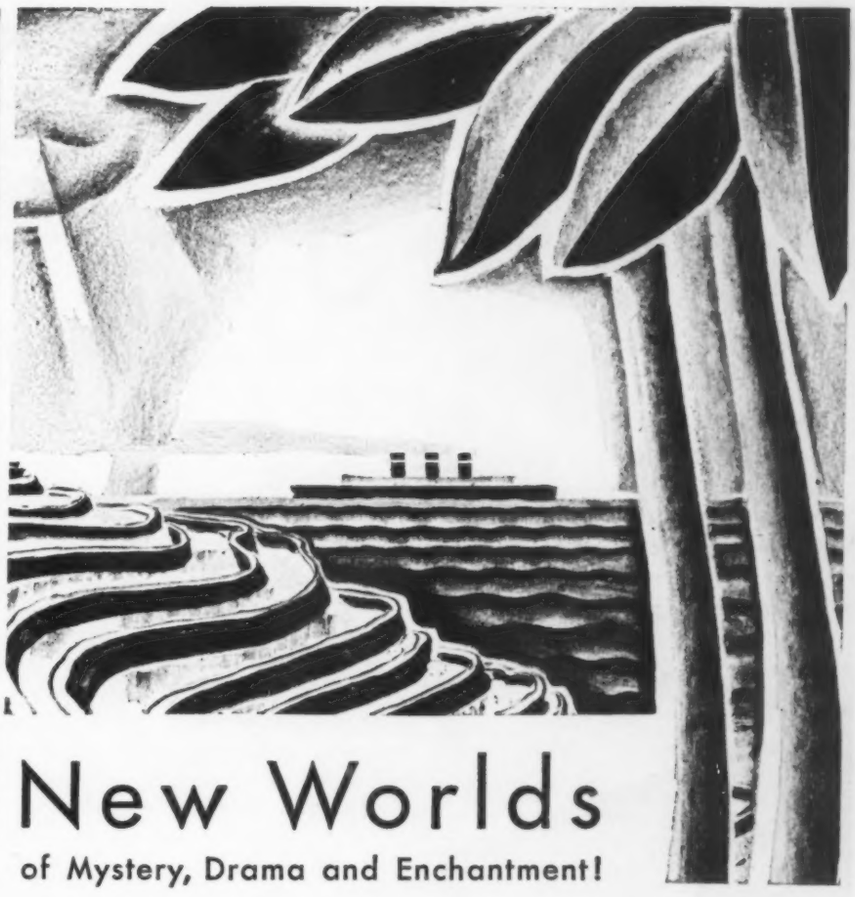
Descended from Alfred the Great and the Plantagenets, she was frequently attracted to Europe.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Where she was to be reached % American Express Company, like the rest of us.



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LONDON LETTER

LONDON, Nov. 6

THE book business is becoming quite an industry. Last year the various publishing houses issued ten thousand. This year they hope to touch the sixteen-thousand mark. Books, not copies. At five thousand copies each that means eighty million volumes. If this sort of thing goes on we shall expect to hear about saturation points, and the two-books-per-family policy. Hutchinson's, the General Motors of literature, has gone all out for quantity production and the quick turnover. With a production figure of two and a half books a day, they are quite satisfied with a sale of three hundred copies on each, and it is the proud boast of Mr. Walter Hutchinson, the head of the business, that he has never read a single book published by his firm. If you add all the books that aren't published to all the books that are, you can see how authorship is displacing engine-driving as the goal of every British boy.

WHEN Mr. Sean O'Casey first came to London for the production of "Juno and the Paycock" he was deeply aware of the golden rule that authors should be a little difficult. Park Lane hostesses had to get it quite clearly into their heads that in whatever size the word "Decorations" was engraved in the corner of their cards of invitation, Mr. O'Casey was to appear in a tweed suit, and further that he was at liberty to sweep aside the caviar and *turbotin Graves vieux* and demand a dinner of eggs and tea. It is amusing to watch success come to the homespun artist. At the first night of "The Silver Tassie," only a front view of Mr. O'Casey brought to light the fact that he was not in evening dress.

The acting in the London version of "The Silver Tassie" was magnificent. It had that same brilliant pair of comedians, Sidney Morgan and Barry Fitzgerald, who made the success of O'Casey's other masterpiece, "Juno and the Paycock." The girl was Beatrix Lehmann, sister to the Rosamond of "Dusty Answer." The football player was Charles Laughton, who did his best to exchange the accent of Lancashire for that of Dublin. Laughton is fast being recognized as our greatest actor; for he can act anything, from a French detective, through Mr. Pickwick, to an exact copy of Arnold Bennett, mannerisms and all.

WHILE on the subject of the oddness of authors: Mr. Bernard Shaw lunched vegetably in a carnivorous company of man-eating critics at the Café Royal the other day. As Mr. Shaw was the guest of honor and every critic worthy of the name was present, you can imagine what Mr. Shaw said. He said it. He had been a critic himself once, but gave it up because the profession of playwright was "easier, more illustrious, and more attractively remunerated." Dramatic critics were "irresponsible, and whether they were qualified or not was purely an accident." He sighed for the good old days of the glorious nineties, "the age of William Archer, A. B. Walkley, and Clement Scott." What critic of today, said he, seeing a play announced by a prominent author, had, before the play was performed, and not having read it, filled a column of the *Times* with a protest against the play on the ground that the subject was far too serious and solemn to be dealt with by the playwright in question? The writer of that notice was Shaw's friend, Mr. Arthur Walkley, and the play which elicited the notice was "Saint Joan." Now that Mr. Bernard Shaw looks more like Moses than Mephistopheles, these things come that much more saucily from his lips. And the best criticism of a play was Mr. Bernard Shaw's own on "Journey's End"—"The hell of a play."

NOW that the airship R 101 has sailed slowly over London without killing anybody, the carpiest of critics must admit the thing undoubtedly can fly. It carried a crew of sixty, and fourteen distinguished passengers. At lunch time the distinguished passengers were served with "roast mutton and fruit tart." Oh, that mutton! Oh, that tart! Stewed fruit, with the tart added later from a tin. The journey cost one million pounds exactly, including the airship and the mutton. The disadvantage of the R 101 appears to be that it is under-engined, and its advantage that, unlike the Graf Zeppelin, it is not necessary to go into hiding to smoke a cigarette.

THE French are remarkably astute in changing a fashion at the

THE CHEERFUL TUMBLER—SQUARE-FOOTED

THE TUMBLER takes its name from those ancient drinking vessels that were meant never to be set down until they were drained—for their bottoms were rounded. They composed an amusing section of culture's most routine utensil; yet one which nevertheless may be its most beautiful . . . chalices of hand-wrought gold . . . beakers of carven silver . . . goblets that seem to tremble delicately on the summit of thin and fragile stems as clear as dew . . . glasses of all shapes and sizes flashing colorfully before the imagination's eye like magic flowers turned to crystalled sunlight. . . . All of these have bestarred the luxurious table from the far time of lovely Helen to the fashionable era of Marie Antoinette.

Now Fostoria revives the cheerful tumbler in the sparkling clarity of American crystal, plain, cut, etched or chastely banded with gold. But these tumblers will not "tumble." They stand alone in that sense, too. Each is completed with an entertaining square base, in black or color, that confirms its quality as an original work of art. . . . And such, veritably, these tumblers are; for all the workmanship that creates them comes from the human hand and breath, aided, with slight exception, only by the simple implements of the glass-making artists' tradition.

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very moment when it catches you. Paris, as the arbiter of automobile elegance, has for some time lured Europe into the belief that nothing could provide a politer external finish for a car than some kind of real or imitation leather. The joke is on us. The British manufacturer has at last embodied the idea on every sort of car from the costliest to the cheapest, exactly seven days after the Paris Automobile Salon had contained only one example of the vogue. However, there was one car, at least, at the Olympia Motor Show that no one ever thought of before, and that was the Trojan. As a start, it carries its motor in a box over the rear wheels, and there is a neat receptacle for a good-sized wardrobe trunk under the hood. Now that one beholds the impossible, it is difficult to see why everybody stuck the driving wheels at one end and the motor at the other, right under the nose of the man who pays. The Trojan is full-sized, and you can buy this monster of intelligent originality for £175, which is rather less than a Ford in this country.

The most expensive automobile in the Show was a Duesenberg which does a hundred and sixteen before complete evaporation takes place, and costs as much as twenty-five Austin sevens.

THE story is told of a Cambridge undergraduate who was invited to sit at the high table, an earnest youth awed by the immediate proximity of Dr. Sidgwick and Professor MacTaggart, psychologists and noted philosophers both. He kept a well-trained ear in their direction, greedy for crumbs of great utterance and profound thinking. But the fish passed, and then the meat, and the two learned gentlemen preserved a gloomy and impenetrable hush. When the coffee came, however, and the college port began to loosen inhibitions, he observed, with a sudden intake of breath, Dr. Sidgwick lean over as if to speak.

"MacTaggart," said he, "I like your stud."

"I'm g-g-glad," replied MacTaggart gravely, with a diffident stutter. "It's a p-p-p-paper clip." —A. G.

•

Chester is very proud of the booth displayed at the County Fair. Mrs. N. C. Patterson and Lawrence Battles headed the committee, *but* had many able assistants.—*Geauga (O.) Republican-Record.*

The italics are not the *Republican-Record's.*

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RECENT BOOKS

Laughter from the Steppes—Realism to the South—The Final Word on Sex—Bolitho

THE surprise book of this frantic season is "The Embezzlers," by Valentine Kataev, a citizen of the Soviet Republic. His book is more than wild and riotous farce; it is the first hearty and sane laugh that has been heard over the noise of Russian propaganda. Somehow it softens the depressing effect of all those news-pictures of citizenesses doing calisthenics in public squares and of those sombre meetings of workingmen's councils. Original sin is still rampant, and the comrades are still weak enough to be seduced by wine, women, and song.

Kataev's novel sets forth the adventures of a public accountant and a young cashier, both worthy comrades, who in a drunken moment make off with the payroll. Through a series of crazy and rowdy incidents, Phillip and Ivan are bounced along the downward path by all the freaks of accident, coincidence, and circumstance that farce can invent. They are as helpless as characters in a Charlie Chaplin comedy, and as relentlessly driven by the comic spirit. Mr. Kataev, in fact, makes use of the best of the movie techniques. His is the easy writing of a man who has a very funny story to tell. Like Chaplin, he allows his audience to supply the implications of satire.

I suspect Mr. Kataev of traffic with the Russian cinema. One of his most gorgeous scenes is an orgy in a movie studio with a baker, impersonating the Czar, who sobs because his life has been ruined by his counter-revolutionary beard. The goings-on of the "members of the old aristocracy" who are working as film extras make insane slapstick. In such ridiculous scenes Mr. Kataev compresses the drama and the inevitable comedy of social upheaval more eloquently than most books on sociology. With his gift for laughter, he is the Soviet's best emissary to the western world.

EMIL LUDWIG and Count Hermann Keyserling arrive simultaneously with new books. Mr. Ludwig's is "July '14," and much of it has appeared serially in this country, but it is worth preserving in book form. Mr. Ludwig goes about the uncomfortable task of fixing the responsibility for the world war and his book is a damning exposé of frivolousness, stupidity, and greed in diplomatic circles. His pictures of the statesmen who played disastrous politics during that momentous July are vivid and merciless. Of all these personalities, Sir Edward Grey was the most tragic, and Mr. Ludwig is immensely fair to him. He hits hardest at Count Berchtold of Vienna, probably because it is easier to forgive an honest enemy than a cheating ally. Like all of Mr. Ludwig's writing, "July '14" is dramatic, concise, and well-informed. I like, too, his way of putting actual quotations from speeches and documents in italics. It keeps the book free from the suspicion of artificial coloring.

As for Count Keyserling's "America Set Free," it is too fine and serious a book to be dismissed as just another one of those criticisms written by visiting lecturers about the land of the box office. Count Keyserling has made a wise and scholarly psychoanalysis of America. His aristocratic viewpoint, his extreme Continental mind, will annoy the provincials who don't like to be told that America has no soul and who will be hurt to tears by Count Keyserling's statement that this land is a vast kindergarten peopled with good-humored boys and girls.

This is the sort of writing supposed to goad the victim into a frenzy. Count Keyserling takes precisely the high tone best calculated to start an argument. He courts denials and he asks for resentment; he would make you angry. He makes sure, in short, that you will read his book. And the book is worth reading as much for what it says that is debatable as for its shrewd truth.

THE South is taking the place of the Middle West as the literary arena. A Sheridan's army of realism is marching through the land of romance. Only the members of the new Sheridan's army aren't invaders but rebels native to the soil.

"The Sound and the Fury" shows an aristocratic southern family in the process of going to pieces before your very eyes. The Compsons are cursed with an imbecile strain, to say nothing of more serious moral disorders. William Faulkner, borrowing the method of James Joyce, weaves his sinister story by allowing the members of the family to think their thoughts and reveal their consciousness for you. It is involved and sometimes puzzling reading, horrible in its insinuations and ter-

"I heard you—wisecracking in the adagio!"

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rible in its vague outline of tragedy. Mr. Faulkner has done very well with his negro characters, who move like bright patches of reality in the dark pattern of his book.

But is this the cavalierism of the South that Count Keyserling finds so admirable?

Thomas Wolfe, writing in a more conventional strain, selects a southern family of the Carolinas for "Look Homeward, Angel." The Gants of Altamont aren't aristocrats but they, too, have a badly balanced heredity. Mr. Wolfe's chief concern is with the development of Eugene Gant, and his exposé of the boy's soul, in all its idealism and obscenity, makes Dreiser's youths seem like Frank Merriwells. Mr. Wolfe finds rich drama in the Gants and in the town of Altamont. He, too, goes in for psychological divings, but he ranges his characters clearly before you as human beings before exploring them as cases. His novel is vigorously and strikingly written, and belongs in the ranks of the best books of the current season.

MR. JAMES THURBER and Mr. E. B. White have caused me much embarrassment with "Is Sex Necessary?" On a Fifth Avenue bus, a timid young man asked me—please, could he look at the book a minute? It seemed to hold for him immense hope. A Red Cap at Grand Central exhibited it to another incredulous Red Cap, probably as an example of white folks' evasion of reality. And a woman on the New York, New Haven & Hartford tried to read it over my shoulder.

The timid young man, the Red Cap, and the commuter might just as well know now that the book is a joke and they needn't bother their heads about it. Messrs. Thurber and White are just laughing at psychologists who write books on how to tell a psychosis from a neurosis. Their book is really funny. There are two kinds of burlesques: those written to flatter the ignorant and those written to amuse the wise. "Is Sex Necessary?" belongs to the latter class. It is far superior to routine Sunday syndicate clowning. Its humor assumes intelligences. And the pictures are grand.

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WILLIAM BOLITHO'S "Twelve Against the Gods" is no study of the twelve apostles, nor has it anything to do with the rigors of the Daily Dozen. The twelve individuals with whom he is concerned in this collection of biographical essays are against the gods because they are, in the great sense of the word, adventurers. So large, indeed, is the sense of the word, as he uses it, that it allows him to assemble together not only such evident and manifest adventurers as Cagliostro, Lola Montez, and Casanova, but Isadora Duncan as well and—of all people in history—President Wilson. The others of the twelve are Alexander the Great, Columbus, Mahomet, Charles XII of Sweden, Napoleon (I and III), and Catiline.

It is clear that Bolitho intends nothing disparaging to Wilson in booking him along with Lola. In fact, you won't find many more glamorous pictures anywhere of that president. Nor is this any trick device employed to give an edge of surprise to the collection of notables. Mr. Bolitho is very serious in his reasons for including Wilson, possibly a little more serious than he is clear. "The adventurer is an outlaw," he writes in his preface. "Adventure must start with running away from home." Wilson then ran away from home in the sense that he "stood alone." "Solitude and risk there were in plenty." There was, however, one great distinction in his career: "Every other adventurer has fought for himself, or at most for his family, or indeed as Mahomet for his native town. Wilson adventured for the whole human race."

Generally, though, it is in those instances where he is less interested in a scrupulous definition of the word "adventure" and is concerned with the doings of his adventurers that Bolitho is at his best. "Cagliostro" is delightful reading, and no amount of rhetoric or superfluity of those words that seem hauled into daylight from some gray space just over the edge of the dictionary's horizon obscures such passages as that dealing with Seraphina's problem. Seraphina was Cagliostro's wife; she was one of that astonishing duad—"duad" is one of those words Bolitho loves so—they made together; not a couple or a pair or a husband and wife, or lady with

escort, but a duad. However, Bolitho can be acute and accurate in the vein of high romance when he describes what Seraphina broached when she would make something of her stupid braggart lover and shape him for one of the most grotesque careers ever handled in Europe. "She had to cure him of his low Sicilian penny fever; his mongrel habit in time of danger to snap and yelp; his cringe and his strut, both out of place in good society; both his fear and his hatred of the police—and to substitute in their place an unchallengeable indifference."

IN BRIEF

EVEN Mr. Bolitho's elastic definition of the word "adventure" could hardly include George Meredith. Robert Esmonde Sencourt's "Life" follows the biographical standard for lives of great literary figures, a standard especially applicable to such an Olympian personage as Meredith. I have an idea that with the help, perhaps, of a cue or two one could get more of an idea of Meredith's early life and background from a close perusal of "Evan Harrington" than from any of the formal accounts given either in this "Life" or in the memoirs of his celebrated circle. Mr. Sencourt's book, however, is particularly good in its account of the great man's old age. Here, for a moment, we see him as the plain human being, a privilege vouchsafed us perhaps because in those stately, honored last days of his, he was seized with the incongruous indignity of whooping cough.

THERE are various other biographies on the shelves of new books. Ethan Allen and John Brown in conscientious volumes for those interested in our own history; Paganini, the devil-begotten violinist of the past century; and a translation from the French of "Moussia, the Life and Death of Marie Bashkirtseff," for those favoring more colorful careers. The six-volume life of Disraeli is now offered in two trim tomes, good for reference, perhaps; rather bulky, though, for prolonged reading. "Dreamers of Dreams," short sketches by Achmed Abdullah and T. Compton Pakenham, presents such visionaries as Cecil Rhodes and "Chinese" Gordon, and a few others less generally familiar to the schoolchildren.

MR. LLEWELYN POWYS went to the Holy Land and rediscovered the Old Testament. You will find the

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In an effort to correct this sad situation, our Altruistic Department has inaugurated a special Give-Somebody-Something Week to be observed whenever you have a generous impulse.

Of course, observance of this Week immediately raises the question of *what* to give; so our far-sighted Altruistic Department, realizing that it would be called upon for suggestions, sent out several million questionnaires to determine the most acceptable and generally appreciated gift on the market.

This survey revealed a great many significant things: that lots of otherwise nice dinner parties become a bit awkward when the conversation turns to the theatre, books or music; that many otherwise eligible bachelors are woefully vague about places to dine and dance; that countless Americans east of the Atlantic and west of the Hudson don't know What's Going On in New York; that many bright women don't know about the very smartest shops; that many bright men haven't said anything amusing for months what with being so busy that they forgot to buy their copy of THE NEW YORKER until the newsstands were all sold out.

When this information was all carefully tabulated, there was only one conclusion to be drawn. Our Altruistic Department quite unmindful of any material gain, promptly drew it, along with the dotted lines below.

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11-16

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THEATRE TICKETS, BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Bible interpreted in pagan terms in "The Cradle of God." It's a book for those who are religious in the modern way or for those who never have been religious at all. And the writing of it is sheer beauty.

AMONG handsome new books from the press of William Edwin Rudge are "An Academy for Grown Horsemen," a facsimile of the 1787 edition, and "The Legend of the Hounds," a poem by George Henry Boker, a Philadelphia poet of the seventies. Each of these has new illustrations by Gordon Ross. There is also "White Africans and Black," a large new book by Caroline Singer with a great many drawings, some in color, by Cyrus Le Roy Baldridge, of life on the West Coast.

"Drawings and Paintings," by Joan Manning-Sanders, from the same press, introduces a child prodigy whose work they are talking about on the other side. It contains thirty-two full-page reproductions and an introduction by R. H. Wilenski. —A. W. S.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

THE EMBEZZLERS, by Valentine Kataev (*Dial Press*). Russian literature returns to civilization with a gorgeous farce.

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL, by Thomas Wolfe (*Scribner*). Vigorously written tragedy of youth in the New South.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY, by William Faulkner (*Cape & Smith*). A study of madness in an aristocratic family of the Old South. Told in the modern manner.

ULTIMA THULE, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). A novel of real importance.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Love story surrounded by the war—and modern writing at its best.

THE METHODIST FAUN, by Anne Parrish (*Harper*). Genuine tragedy of youth set against a background of fine satire.

HARRIET HUME, by Rebecca West (*Doubleday, Doran*). Richly beautiful writing.

FUGITIVE'S RETURN, by Susan Glaspell (*Stokes*). Worth a half-dozen smug, contented novels.

SKETCH OF A SINNER, by Frank Swinnerton (*Doubleday, Doran*). Another vivid figure in Mr. Swinnerton's gallery of girls.

THE WAY OF ECBEN, by James Branch Cabell (*McBride*). Mr. Cabell's farewell to mythology, with a revealing curtain speech by the author.

BORGIA, by Zona Gale (*Knopf*). Miss Gale plunges effectively into sinister psychology.

PENROD JASHBER, by Booth Tarkington (*Doubleday, Doran*). The sleuth wave hits Penrod. Gorgeous reading.

HOMEPLACE, by Maristan Chapman (*Viking Press*). Prose ballad of life in the southern mountains.

THE GALAXY, by Susan Ertz (*Appleton*). The manners and morals of three gener-

ations reflected in the life of a warmly human heroine.

EX-WIFE, by Ursula Parrott (*Cape & Smith*). A woman tells all.

THE DARK JOURNEY, by Julian Green (*Harper*). Mr. Green's annual prize-winner.

THE BEAUTIFUL YEARS, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). A naturalist surveys the soul of a small boy.

WINGS ON MY FEET, by Howard W. Odum (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Dancing narrative of a Black Ulysses at the war.

CHÉRI, by Colette (*A. & C. Boni*). Wicked and excellently written story of a gigolo.

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY, by Ellen Glasgow (*Doubleday, Doran*). Ironic spoofing of three Fallen Ladies.

HANS FROST, by Hugh Walpole (*Doubleday, Doran*). In which an elderly novelist rebels against dinner-party fame.

WOLF SOLENT, by John Cowper Powys (*Simon & Schuster*). Masterfully written psychological novel.

CORA, by Ruth Suckow (*Knopf*). Drama of the self-made business woman.

SHORT AS ANY DREAM, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant (*Harper*). A rare achievement—a real and sympathetic study of a New England family.

MYSTERIES

THE BODY ON THE FLOOR, by Nancy Barr Mavity (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . MURDER IN THE MOOR, by Thomas Kindon (*Dutton*). . . . THE DARTMOUTH MURDERS, by Clifford Orr (*Farrar & Rinehart*). . . . THE SUBTLE TRAIL, by Joseph Gollomb (*Macmillan*) . . . . THE SECOND BAFFLE BOOK, by Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . TRIPLE MURDER, by Carolyn Wells (*Lippincott*). . . . THE TERRACE SUICIDE MYSTERY, by Leonard L. Gribble (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . MARKED MEN, by Charles Neville Buck (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . FALSE FACE, by Jean Lilly (*Dutton*). . . . WATER WEED, by Alice Campbell (*Farrar & Rinehart*).

GENERAL

AMERICA SET FREE, by Count Hermann Keyserling (*Harper*). A distinguished scholar psychoanalyzes America.

JULY '14, by Emil Ludwig (*Putnam*). A dramatic account of who started the war.

IS SEX NECESSARY?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS, by William Bolitho (*Simon & Schuster*). The lives of a dozen renowned adventurers, including not only Lola Montez and Casanova, but Alexander the Great as well—and even Woodrow Wilson.

THE CRADLE OF GOD, by Llewellyn Powys (*Harcourt, Brace*). A pagan retells the story of the Old Testament.

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN, by Virginia Woolf (*Harcourt, Brace*). Witty, clear thinking on the vexatious subject of women and the art of writing.

MARRIAGE AND MORALS, by Bertrand Russell (*Liveright*). One of the finest minds of our time examines the problem.

OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION, by James Truslow Adams (*A. & C. Boni*). An estimate of certain aspects of modern American life, destined to arouse controversy.

GRANDMOTHER BROWN'S HUNDRED YEARS, by Harriet Connor Brown (*Little, Brown*). What an intelligent, courageous, charming old woman remembered about the years between 1827 and 1927. Well worth reading.

TRAILING THE GIANT PANDA, by Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt (*Scribner*). An engrossing account of an expedition into Burma and the Chinese-Tibetan borderland in pursuit of the bear-like giant panda.

PETER THE GREAT, by Stephen Graham (*Simon & Schuster*). Stephen Graham scratches the westernizer of Russia and finds a Tartar. Very picturesque reading.

THE RAVEN, by Marquis James (*Bobbs-Merrill*). The life story of Sam Houston admirably written and documented.

GEORGE HARVEY, by Willis Fletcher Johnson (*Houghton Mifflin*). Behind the scenes with Colonel Harvey in politics and diplomacy.

HENRY THE VIIIth, by Francis Hackett (*Liveright*). Still the best biography of the year.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, by Katharine Anthony (*Knopf*). Close-up of Henry's little girl.

LA FAYETTE, by Brand Whitlock (*Appleton*). Recommended without reservations.

UP TO NOW, by Alfred E. Smith (*Viking Press*). The former governor writes as well as he speaks.

THE TRAGIC ERA, by Claude G. Bowers (*Houghton Mifflin*). Events and personages of the Reconstruction Era brought to life in a dramatic book.

LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT, by David Loth (*Brentano*). Biography that is good romance.

EMERSON, THE WISEST AMERICAN, by Phillips Russell (*Brentano*). The progress of an intellectual pilgrim.

THE INCREDIBLE MARQUIS, by Herbert S. Gorman (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The gay and romantic life of Alexandre Dumas.

CARRY NATION, by Herbert Asbury (*Knopf*). Caperings of a lunatic, amusingly reported.

MRS. EDDY, by Edwin Franden Dakin (*Scribner*). Home life of a prophetess.

BORN TO BE, by Taylor Gordon (*Covici-Friede*). The negro spiritual singer tells his own story smartly and racily. With fine illustrations by Covarrubias.

THE THEATRE: THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF DRAMA, ACTING AND STAGECRAFT, by Sheldon Cheney (*Longmans, Green*). Complete, scholarly, and immensely interesting history of the stage.

THE NEW AMERICAN CARAVAN, edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld (*Macaulay*). Indispensable for those who would keep up with the most advanced American writing.

THE SECOND NEW YORKER ALBUM (*Doubleday, Doran*). Of course.

THE GLUYAS WILLIAMS BOOK (*Doubleday, Doran*). Also of course.

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"ON Y DANSE"

As for that bridge at Avignon
Across the random Rhône,
It broke in two long, long ago,
And folk leave it alone.

We've bridges enough at home, God knows,
Each one a living street
To hurry us east or harry us west:
But none for dancing feet.

—G. H. C.

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in a single cabinet—to give you "Music from the air or records"

RCA RADIOLA 47—*Screen-Grid Radiola, Phonograph and Electro-Dynamic Reproducer in single cabinet for electrical operation.* $275*

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When the Radiotrons of the Radiola 47 are glowing with their incandescent light, you command "music from the air or records" with the amazing realism that only the Radiola can give.

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